

B.A.R.

BAY AREA REPORTER

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GAY PARADE

The Great Gray Gay Freedom Day

THE 1979 PARADE STRIKES A NEW NOTE

By Ray P. Comeau

It was like donning a frivolous mask to visit a dying friend's sickroom. It was like the day itself — somber, gray, overcast. You knew the sun was up there someplace, but it had an iron will of its own to keep hidden.

It wasn't like last year nor the year before when the day was gloriously San Francisco — proud, bright, with a touch of chilled reserve as the day moved on into late afternoon. It wasn't like '76 when a wild and spirited outpouring of multi-costumed and semi-naked Gays came rolling exuberantly down Polk Street and later met to celebrate in the stifling heat of Golden Gate Park. That was truly a party, a day of madness, with little focus at all except enjoyment.

Things have happened since.

We are growing up, like it or not.

Oh, the rhetoric was there all right. The floats and bands and balloons and bottles and cans in brown paper sacks. But, all in all, pieces seemed missing. The happy mood seemed forced. Instead of the melancholy of '77 over the loss of Dade County and Robert Hillborough, instead of the energetic display of fierce offense in '78 against the Briggs Initiative,

in '79 we saw another emotion. Its name is APPREHENSION.

Not the fear of the past, however; that comfortable discomfort of closet salad days when it was okay to be Gay as long as you buckled under and played the game according to their rules. No. It's too late. Much too late. Now we have the new anxiety of a movement that has reached serious crossroads. Do we grow or, like the victims of our heredity, do we fade away?

And with all the apprehension the anger internalizes, burrows deeper, goes underground. It was in the air, though, on June 24, 1979, like the soft drops of cold mist that fell out of the gray haze overhead.

What do people do when they're frightened or angry? They whistle. They sing. They shout at the boogie men hiding in dark corners. They pretend those things aren't there. They have a PARTY!

10:00 a.m. — stop for coffee at the grease-windowed misnamed Sunshine Cafe in the Embarcadero YMCA. Then on to see the floats, passing people who shiver in the cold morning air and laughing ask each other: "Is this San Fran-

cisco?" A toy poodle peeps out from inside the security of one man's jacket. A miniature greyhound wearing a dress and long white feather over its narrow back end trembles on spindly legs. Flag twirlers practice with numbed fingers. A man distributes an armload of banners describing the multifaceted sexuality available at the particular bathhouse he works for. Everybody seems to be blowing up balloons on the hissing lips of hydrogen tanks.

Or sucking on joints. Or both, intermittently. It's carnival here. The day is young.

★ ★ ★

The party mood is stronger yet at Market and Spear where it's all to begin — except of course for those few stone-faced straights who have those looks of disapproval and icy contempt we all have known and despised so long.



Women turned out in force for this year's parade. (Photo by Susan Linn)



The Lavender Harmony Band and Rainbow Circus led off the 1979 parade. Along with Los Angeles' Great American Yankee Band and the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band & Twirling Corps, Lavender was one of the hits of the parade. (Photo by John Gieske)

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The chief monitor, in black leather drag with handcuffs curling on the back of his belt, nervously pulls first a bullhorn then walkie-talkie to his mouth, barking orders, asking questions, prancing around nervously in the middle of the intersection. Five minutes to go.

★ ★ ★

11:00 a.m. — Seven or eight mustached and heavy-set motorcycle cops roll off to one side. The first contingent holds itself excitedly back behind their banner, ready to GO! A false start, as usual, and then — they're off!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHOEVER YOU ARE shouts one banner. And brassy music begins to play — the Lavender Harmony Band and Rainbow Circus — followed by the unsinging Lesbian Chorus, Dykes on Bikes, Lesbian Mothers, Rainbow Deaf, Gay Jews, group after group swinging out through the intersection and heading up Market.

And then the winning float — a women's group entry, gold and white representation of two kneeling female figures holding up huge matching twin female gender symbols.

Then come the Lesbian bars, Gay Fathers, Parents and Friends of Gays, the Stud float with black balloons and plywood cutouts of disco dancers, the City Clinic Van, followed by . . . a halt. The first of many. That's what makes parades.

The Gestapo-esque chief monitor orders on his walkie-talkie: "Now doubletime the front of that goddamn parade!" Nothing happens. Finally it lurches off again.

Hamburger Mary's float followed by the group with the wide red banner declaring I AM GAY AND I LOVE YOU. There's the Santa Rosa Coronation float and Sharon McKnight in an open-top Volks, the Carnival Club float with drag queens and all colors



The award-winning Women's Float, WE ARE FAMILY. (Photo by Susan Linn)

of balloons, Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights and then . . . it drags to another dead stop.

★ ★ ★

Cruising along up Market Street, the crowd is sparse at Beale. Straight foreign tourist couples take photos of each other with the stalled but patient marchers in the background. Some observers huddle in doorways and phone booths, out of the chilly late morning air. There's roller skates and dyed hair and a Gay Chinese dragon and . . . is that

Rosie Radiator and the Push-rods tap-dancing along in those bizarre costumes?

It's moving again. As quickly as they can be filled, white balloons like bubbles of soap are handed out by a good-looking guy (no end of those out here today!) to children and older people along the sidewalks. At Sansome and Sutter, the crowd is building — more and more line the route as it gets closer and closer to the Civic Center Plaza.

Passing the VD Clinic van en route; see Jim Stuart with his baseball cap and wide loving grin waving and holding up a sign saying that they are proud of us! "Give that Queen the clap!" someone shouts. And they do.

There's Miss Belle dressed in black (to match his beard?) with big buzzooms. MA BELL BROUGHT ME OUT states one of the PT&T employees' signs.

★ ★ ★

11:40 — it seems to be warming up — maybe it's just more bodies, or excitement, or hope. Still no sun. Women marchers chant: "Dianne Feinstein you can't hide, we know you're on Dan White's side!" A man with a paper Uncle Sam hat passes along the gutter. "Joints. Joints," he advertises discreetly (just like home — on Polk Street).

Topps and Trousers is open but not doing much business. The whole staff's standing in the front window watching. The Lavender Band breaks into Anita's pride and joy, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Opposite United Nations Plaza, lots of Levi'd legs and workboots hang down like goodies on a giant cafeteria display from the painters' scaffolds row on row at the front of stores under remodeling. The best work of the flagmaker waves gently at the Plaza entrance, its rainbow stripes and mottled white stars reflecting the diversity of the crowd. A simple gold star sits in the middle of the long light blue stripe — must be PRIDE.

There's art here, yes. But crass commercialism as well. Hawkers peddle balloons, stale popcorn, peanuts ("Carter's Brain Food"), plastic flags left over from the Bicentennial (The Bicentennial??).

★ ★ ★

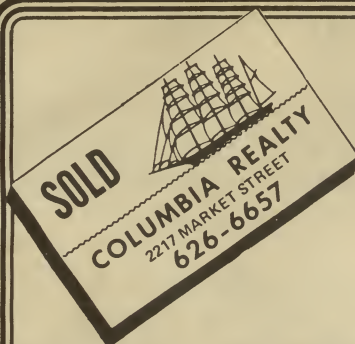
12:15 — the music begins on the main stage. Still no sign of sunshine. WE ARE EVERYWHERE shouts the banner stretched above City Hall's Polk Street doors. Birds and balloons soar and twist up into the grey dampness.

Denim, leather, keys. Beer cans and boredom. Drunks and well-dressed straight couples. Cameras and knapsacks and babies in wheelers.



Dykes on Bikes turn out for the 1979 Gay Freedom Day Parade. (Photo by John Gieske)

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Dogs and wine bottles and semi-drag.

And the parade drags, too. On the Plaza, with nothing happening, large segments of the crowd move down the parade route the wrong way. It's weird to watch. Monitors attempt to keep them back and on the sidelines. Minimal cooperation. The police presence (obvious presence) is minimal also. A few overstuffed Machos in padded blue sit their pulpy bottoms on motorcycle seats and cruise along up and down the Plaza. Looking unhappy they're not at home in Contra Costa (or wherever the pig farms are they come in from). Must be hard, being so fat, for some of them to keep "low profiles."

★ ★ ★

12:30 — It's finally moving again. Clown drag on skates with dishmop wig; giraffe's head bobbing above the people on the other side. Gay Culinary Workers, Gay Psychologists, Lesbian Mental Health Workers, Gay Military, Gay Psychotherapists (DAN WHITE WAS SANE: JUSTICE IS INSANE).

Rudeness and booze and kneeboots and the man with the boa constrictor boa. What rudeness? Everybody wants a vantage point. No matter where you plunk down, someone inevitably gets in front of you — usually with a bobbing balloon. (short gays unite!)

MCC and Circus Circus and Gay Men's Chorus and Carol Ruth Silver. Harvey Milk

Democratic Club and Milton Marks and Emperor Bob Ross and Empress Ginger. Motorcycle fumes mingling with charcoal cooking shishkebab. And still no sign of the sun. A sharp cracking sound (cherry bomb? Robert Opel's blank gun?) and flocks of pigeons leap from the rooftops.

"The Mayor called in sick," says Armistead Maupin over the amplifier; "She's got the Gay flul!" She's replaced on the podium by a Lesbian Witch who exhorts the Great Goddess (which is not a salad dressing). Can't hear everything, but words keep springing through the nippy air. The Co-Chairs are introduced. Applause. Voices fading in, fading out. Words: "perpetrators," "bigotry," "injustice," "anger," "outrage," "miscarriage," "never happen again," and on and on. The lyrics "Seems to me I've heard this song before" come to mind.

And then, ladies and gents, The Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps!! Enthusiastic, well-deserved ovation. Lots of watchers continue clapping in time and move across to Civic Center Plaza with them as that Sweet Charity number, "If My Friends Could See Me Now!" resounds between all the gray granite.

Kay Pachtner, Dykes Against Nukes, Arlo Smith. Leonard Matlovich holding a blue flag with gold lambda smiles by, The Gay Professionals and Mother Jones and a



Flags a-plenty, Gay Freedom Day Parade. (Photo by Susan Linn)

hand-held sign proclaiming HARVEY LOVED A CIRCUS!

★ ★ ★

1:00 p.m. — The sun peeps through for half a second and drifts back under. The usual mid-afternoon sea wind is early. A plane flies by advertising a tea dance and the hard rock sound of Pearl and the Kozmic Blues Band rumbles out from the speakers in eerie contrast to another marching band just passing. (Ah, if Janis could only see us now!)

★ ★ ★

Later, from the stage, Lesbian comic Robin Tyler warns the audience about those who may be there to stir up violence. Possibly unnecessary. Though sometimes brusque and occasionally downright obnoxious, the monitors are doing a good job. Besides, beneath the frivolous mask of Gaiety, the crowd's general mood of apprehension is still as heavy as the overhanging gray.

Tyler addresses the May 21st violence. She's "proud of the expression of grief and outrage." Forceful and emotional.

she puts down those who have the "nerve to call us violent." "Don't tell us about violence!" Robin Tyler shouts. Society has violated Gays since the Inquisition (and before), she points out. And still does.

"Those bigots fear that they won't be able to persecute us again . . . They're right . . . Never, never, NEVER again!"

Cheers, whistles, horns, hoots, applause.

Robin Tyler defends Police Chief Gain and warns that if

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Gain gets fired Dianne gets dumped. "We will no longer support those who do not support us. . . . We're coming from the power of love, and that shall sustain us. . . . We shall be free because we are everywhere!"

Says co-M.C. Maupin: "What'd I tell you about Robin Tyler? She's dangerous!" Better believe it.

Supervisor Silver delivers a thoughtful, calm and strongly worded indictment of the Dan White verdict and a testimonial to the memory of her friend and co-worker: "Let us all hail that Harvey Milk will live forever."

(If he's up there watching, it's to be hoped he has a periscope: the sky's still thick as vichyssoise.)

Music: Teresa Trull. In front of City Hall, on top of the low wall, one crushed yellow carnation. A small bouquet tied with ribbon between the feet of Abe Lincoln's statue. Holly Near changes her tune: At the May 22 Castro Street party the word was "loving." Now she sings: "We are gentle, angry people. Singing, singing for our lives."

Attorney-activist Flo Kennedy, supported by many loving hands, climbs to the stage to delight everyone, first by singing some new lyrics to an old song composed on the backs of paper plates. "So bad it's good," she chortles afterwards.

"We gotta kick ass," Kennedy repeats her favorite instruction. "Do it fast before I die 'cause I ain't gonna last!" She's 63 and ailing, but still full of spirit and so much real warmth it's infectious.

"When they killed Harvey

Milk they niggered you," the Black Lesbian lawyer states accurately: "You are power. . . . All oppressed people have a right to violence. . . . The right to violence is like the right to pee; you don't do it here, but you got the right!"

She chides "Christian creeps," front runners of the anti-Gay New Right. She's not religious herself, Kennedy explains without apology, "But some of my best friends are Christians."

She calls for solidarity in the March on Washington set for October 14 and leaves the stage to thunderous applause, one of the hits of the show.

★ ★ ★

A band plays "The In Crowd" and a huge canvas container of balloons opens behind the stage. A man leads around on a button control leash what appears to be an electronic Gay pet bearing the sign "I'll be there October 14th." A plane passes overhead — Allie's advertising GAY AND PROUD. A black-suited man with a Macy's shopping bag flies a little blue kite high above the Plaza in the sunless sky.

"Give 'em hell, Harry!" someone shouts as Supervisor Britt is introduced. By now the rhetoric is really repetitive. Mostly Britt's remarks echo the sentiments of Sally Gearhart at Harvey's birthday party on May 22nd are are yet another testimonial to Harvey Milk. ("Speak for yourself, Harry," perhaps would have been a better suggestion.)

★ ★ ★

4:00 p.m. — The crowd has been fluctuating in and out all afternoon. Co-chair Sabrina Sojourner estimates it at 250,000, but admits it's hard to tell. She suggests the weather had a lot to do with the smaller turnout than expected. At any rate, only the stalwart stay on. There's more music and more rhetoric, but the chill bites through to the bone by now.

No, it didn't exactly rain on our parade, but the dampness was definite. Gray gloom was the order of the day. Standing by the busy concession booths on McAllister Street, anyone who was on the scene couldn't help remembering the police cars burning there just 35 days before. Seeing the front of City Hall wired off and security tighter than at the Pentagon, one couldn't help rehearsing the sound of shouting and crash of

glass. Watching the lines of red-shirted monitors with tension drenching their bodies and voices, one couldn't help but visualize the line of besieged Riot Cops stretched across the City Hall steps on the evening of May 21. Looking up at the thick cloud of fog, one could not forget the veil of black smoke hanging over this very area only five weeks previous.

No. It's in the very air. We cannot "put it aside." We must not. We are growing up, facing facts. The dullness of the day's festivities is proof of that. We have grown old these long ten years since Stonewall. We must now carry the burden of grief with us and let it harden into muscle. We must go on as adults now and not silly adolescents. It's time to take serious stock of what maturity means, of where we go from here. All of us. Our Time Has Come.

Ray P. Comeau

Texas Killer Convicted Again

Corpus Christi

Elmer Wayne Henley, 23, was convicted for a second time of six murders carried out as part of a series of 26 homosexual tortures and slayings in Houston in the early 1970s.



ELMER WAYNE HENLEY
Six counts of murder.

The same jury also recommended that Henley serve six concurrent life terms in prison. District Judge Noah Kennedy will review the case before sentencing Henley. No date for sentencing has been set.

Henley had been convicted of the same crimes at a 1974 trial in San Antonio, but that verdict was overturned on appeal. Jurors deliberated two hours and 20 minutes before returning the second conviction.

Henley was 17 when he was charged with six murders in connection with the mass killings, in which Houston-area boys were slain, many after having been raped and sodomized while attached to a plywood "torture board."

DA Race Heats Up

Silver Takes on Freitas

PROS SAY INCUMBENT VULNERABLE

By Wayne Friday

Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver, long popular in the liberal community, and especially among Gay voters, made it official last Thursday that she would be a candidate for San Francisco District Attorney.

Silver, a Supervisor from the Sixth District, had been undecided between running for District Attorney or challenging incumbent Mayor Dianne Feinstein. A poll commissioned by the Supervisor convinced Silver that she would stand a better chance of defeating Freitas, who has headed a scandal-ridden District Attorney's office for the past three and one half years.

Many Silver supporters had held out hope until the hour of announcement at the Heritage House, 44 Gough Street, where Silver made the announcement official, that Silver would challenge Feinstein. Most of the 250 supporters in the room clearly wanted the Supervisor to take on the Mayor, but all seemed to be ready to help the popular Silver campaign to unseat the highly unpopular Freitas. Supervisor Silver attacked the incumbent on a number of points, includ-

ing his "obvious mishandling" of the celebrated Dan White trial. Silver claimed "the District Attorney was obviously out to lunch when this trial was being handled" and claimed the White trial "is going to be an issue in this campaign — a big issue." Silver further declared that Freitas had stolen most of her campaign platform for D.A. in 1975, when Freitas polled 60,080 votes to win the office over Silver's 51,418 and incumbent Ferdon's 50,129.

Many liberals immediately pledged support to the 41-year old Supervisor in her campaign against Freitas, and her campaign will no doubt rely heavily on Gay campaign workers and fund-raisers. There has been some speculation that State

Senator Milton Marks would announce against Freitas, but most political observers feel that if that were now the case, Silver and Marks would split the support they both enjoy from the left-of-center vote in the City and that would do much to insure the re-election of the incumbent. Some Gay supporters of the Republican

John

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Carol Ruth Silver, surrounded by her two sons, announced her intention to run for District Attorney against Joe Freitas whose relations with the Gay community are at an all time low ebb. (Photo by John Gieske)



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Viewpoint

Trading on Sacred Ground

"If anyone thinks that her support has eroded in the Gay community after tonight, they're crazy," crowed Dianne Feinstein's press agent, Mel Wax, after the Mayor's impromptu appearance at Grace Cathedral during a Gay concert. The move was a brilliant public relations coup even though some observers at the Cathedral entrance noted the Mayor looked as nervous as hell, and the two British tourists whom she apologized to said her hands were like ice.

The same weekend the Mayor canceled three other public appearances scheduled for Gay galas — the GSL vs. the Fire Department game in Kezar Stadium, the dedication of MCC's new site on Eureka Street, and Sunday's Gay Freedom Day Parade.

D.A. Joe Freitas, Dan White's underground railroad, didn't show at any of the events either. That same Friday night at a Feinstein fundraiser he boasted, "I think she'd make a great mayor."

In the same week Feinstein fired Gay challenger Board of Permit Appeals President David Scott (talk about over-kill) and replaced him with a member of Harvey Milk's enemy list, Jo Daly.

According to the results of two polls that were released last week (the S.F. Examiner's and Carol Ruth Silver's) — says political columnist W. E. Barnes, "The inescapable conclusion is that neither Feinstein nor Kopp is tremendously popular with the electorate."

And as the Mayor toys with the idea of dumping Chief Gain and delivering the city into the hands of the POA and their Novato specials, we suggest Mr. Wax place his ear closer to the pavement. A cathedral close is hardly the place to sound out Gay public opinion. A House of God is the last place one wants a "scene" — even Gays know that.

For another version of where Gays are at, scrutinize the results of the poll B.A.R. conducted of whom its readers wanted to run. The mailed returns are tabulated in this issue.

P. Lorch

Letters...

SAINT HARVEY

★ John Wayne converted to Catholicism just before he died; a fitting gesture for a great man.

Harvey Milk was also a great man and I wonder if someone could suggest a way that the same benefit might fall upon Harvey, perhaps through a petition for a posthumous Baptism by order of the Holy Father in Rome. The Mormons practice Baptism of their ancestors and there is no reason why Harvey should be denied a similar privilege.

Following this reasoning, there is no reason why Harvey could not be recommended for Sainthood. Other less worthy personages have been elevated to this glorious station and I think it is about time we have our own candidate. When one observes the political scene in San Francisco and what it has to offer, the necessary two miracles brought about and attributed to the Beatified should be very easy to come by.

Andrew J. Betancourt
San Francisco

(ED. NOTE: Perhaps the Pope could bring a portable halo when he visits San Francisco next year. . .)

SUPPORT FOR GAIN

★ In the wake of the Police Officers Association's recent vote, I want to express my support for your vision of the police force and in particular for the restraint you showed at the City Hall disturbance on "White Monday." Earlier police action may have slightly lessened property damage, but the future climate of our city was at stake: an earlier move by the police would have resulted in a great deal of ill will for the perceived overreaction — by waiting there are few either among the demonstrators (myself included) or in the city at large that will not admit that the police action was warranted.

I feel that one strong motivation for the POA's action is to divert attention from their members' misconduct later that night on Castro Street. They hope that your increased desire to put the events of that night behind us will allow the stormtroopers within your force to escape unpunished. This must not happen. This retaliatory raid accompanied by shouts of "Zieg Heil" along with the Peg's Place incident point out the stark hatred for my people that simmers in some members of your force. Until these cops are purged, "equal protection for all" will remain a cruel sham.

Brian Russell
San Francisco

WHAT'S REPULSIVE?

★ Here is a copy of a letter to the editor that I addressed to the S.F. Examiner:

I could not help myself laughing when I read in your June 26, 1979, front page that the police found the sexual behavior in the Gay clubs to be repulsive and sickening and that two officers were so agast at what they uncovered that they asked to be removed from the investigation.

My only wish is that they should have all died throwing up never to come back as they should leave the Gay community alone. The S.F.P.D. loves to spend time and taxpayers' money on trivial matters instead of paying attention to regular police business. It seems that all they care about is to make the headlines in your corrupted newspaper.

How about uncovering the nauseating heterosexual behavior in the movies "Behind the Green Door" and "Deep Throat" for their next big project?

John Hole
San Francisco

SEEKS APOLOGY

★ Frank Howell's review (B.A.R., May 24) "Lesbian Bile," of Elula Perrin's "Women Prefer Women," presents a perfect argument for Lesbian separatism. That a review with such a careless phrase as "general class of breast-beating bitches" should appear directly underneath Priscilla Alexander's "Womananalysis" appears to undercut anything that sister might say, and leads me to infer that any attempt on B.A.R.'s part to unite Lesbians and Gay men in a struggle against our common oppression is tokenism, to say the least.

As a Gay man, I do not want to see such sexist trash in your paper. I am very aware how important a role women have played in the anti-Briggs struggle and the struggle to advance the rights of Gay people throughout the world. Given how oppressive men have been historically towards women, I admire any sister who is willing to open herself to such abuse for the furthering of our common cause.

Women are clearly important to Frank Howell because one book by a woman whom he thinks is totally off the wall has become such a threat to his identity that he pours out paragraph after paragraph of garbage, screaming because she doesn't think he's worth very much.

Howell dares to speak for "us" men. I speak only for myself. I deserve an apology.

Jason Serinus
San Francisco

FUNDS FOR HARVEY

★ I'd like to publicly thank David Bandy and Gary Roverana of Conceptual Entertainment for raising over \$2,000 to help pay off Harvey Milk's debts.

David and Gary generously donated some of the proceeds from the Gay Freedom Day party at the Galleria. It will go a long way towards taking care of Harvey's affairs.

We still have more to raise, though, and anyone else who can help is encouraged to send a check to Friends of Supervisor Harvey Milk, United California Bank, Box 7556, San Francisco 94120.

Dick Pabich
San Francisco

BRITISH TOURISTS' INCIDENT

★ Yes, we can rejoice over the recent State Supreme Court decision, but we still have tremendous problems, like last Thursday's ridiculous detention of an English visitor. It is hard to believe that a person could be judged "possibly psychopathic" just for wearing a button proclaiming his lifestyle. Such an event is unjust anywhere, but especially in this country.

The Gay community has an on-going tremendous amount of public education to accomplish. I strongly recommend that Gay people write to our opponents. Repeated mailings do cost money and no group has unlimited resources. Their addresses are:

Exodus, P. O. Box 911, Anaheim, CA 92805.

Love In Action, P. O. Box 2655, San Rafael, CA 94902.

Dr. Jerry Falwell, The Old Time Gospel Hour, Lynchburg, VA 24515.

I would much rather see a more positive reaction, but this method can be quite effective.

Herb Levy
San Francisco

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Letters...

BERKELEY'S BETTER RECORD

★ Once, an insensitive letter writer snidely implied that at best the suburban Gays were insignificant. I would like to point out:

a) Berkeley voters defeated Proposition 6 by a margin 20% greater than did the voters in the City,

b) the only mayor to ride openly in our annual Gay Pride parade was Gus Newport, mayor of Berkeley.

c) The City Council of Berkeley has passed with almost no opposition the toughest Gay ordinance the land, if not in the world.

d) Our Congressman, Ron V. Dellums, is one of the strongest supporters of Gay rights in Washington, D.C.

Let's not misunderstand. We Berkeley Gays love San Francisco with a passion just as we love Berkeley. In fact, we flock over the Bay Bridge frequently to enjoy America's greatest city and the world's Gay capital. It's just that the record should be clear that there are good Gay men and women everywhere, fortunately!

Paul Cameron
Berkeley

TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

★ As a concerned citizen and Lesbian and as one who has been involved in Gay political matters off and on since 1972, I feel a need to speak out on an issue that concerns all people, especially Gay people.

Dan White's defense attorneys, Schmidt and Scherr, have admitted that jurors in the trial were selected and manipulated (though it was not said in those words) for their probable favoritism towards Dan White. This, in itself, should be grounds for a mistrial.

A fair jury would have to include also people who are not so ready to sympathize with Dan White. Gay people were blatantly barred from the jury. Is that fair? If anything, the jury should be half and half, towards someone who is a trained soldier, a former police officer, a former fireman and someone who, at the very least, was not comfortable living in the same city with very openly Gay people.

As for Mayor Dianne Feinstein's remarks about San Francisco being a city where "people" have been treated "tolerantly" — toleration is hardly adequate. Gay people are not to be "tolerated" but equally protected in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

I have read that, by law, the prosecution cannot appeal the verdict in Dan White's case. Well, whatever the legal technicalities, all of us who care should press for a review of the verdict, to the courts, to the attorney general of the state of California, and to anyone we can think of who might be able to bring some power to bear on the case.

Dan White should not be let go on some special privilege. Indeed, according to his own beliefs, White should have pleaded guilty and asked for the death penalty. We should not let this go until Dan White is really brought to justice.

As for the riots, the actions of the many police involved, not just the San Francisco police, were often shameful. How can any police force hope to recruit honest and good hearted persons given this sort of behavior occurring once more?

Violence on any side is no answer and no help. But the violence of the crowd at City Hall on Monday night is more understandable and was, in fact, much less deadly than the violence of Dan White one afternoon in November at City Hall.

Janet Schrim
Oakland

UNE ANNONCE FRANCAISE

★ Pouvez vous me m'envoyer une annonce, j'aimerais rencontrer des amis gays. Avec mes remerciements. Annonce:

Je viens avec des amis(es) Français en vacances au U.S.A. du 5 Aout 79 au 26 Aout 79. a Valencia (Los Angeles) cherche des correspondants gays de Los Angeles parlant le Français. Ecrivez moi a cette adresse.

M. Alain Boussa
20, Rue St. Ambroise, 20
75011 Paris, France

TOO MUCH VISIBILITY

★ Beginning with the Gay rights movement of the late 1960's, the homosexual community has gained a lot of support and momentum, as well as opposition and disgrace. Granted, every individual, whether black, white, chicano, oriental, straight or Gay should be treated with respect and equality. But, in that clause it should also be noted that equality and respect are "gifts" which must be earned throughout our nation's biased society.

Although old hat, the rejection of Senator Briggs' Proposition 6 proved to indicate the increased acceptance of homosexuals in our society, and thusly opened new and greater channels for the rapidly growing Gay community. Conversely, however, the proposition has also put homosexuals under the watchful eye of the nation's common folk — who always have and always will judge by action, media coverage, newspaper and magazine publicity, as well as the occasional warped hearsay from their bigoted friends and family. Keeping this in mind, and the recent uproar at City Hall in San Francisco with regard to the Dan White verdict, wouldn't the Gay community benefit from perhaps laying low for a while instead of attracting more negative attention with hasty actions and thoughtless rioting?

Just as any other cultural group or activist organization demanding their viewpoints to be heard, the Gay society must learn that there are better ways to obtain recognition and support than via ignorant outbursts and political chicanery. This is not to imply that homosexuals should not become involved in politics, run for political office or take pride in their lifestyle, but to stress that analyzed, calm and well thought out campaigns for Gay rights should be organized. Infiltrating the latter into the Gay community's strategy for acceptance would put all active individuals in a far better light and eliminate the chances for slanderous publicity.

As a concerned Gay citizen, I urge all to take a closer look at the rights we so desperately want, and the best possible way of obtaining them.

Debbie Holt

SACRAMENTO SPEAKS

★ Thank you for covering the harassment at one of our local bars. I would like to bring to your attention the correct spelling of my name: It is Linda D. Birner. Your paper is looking great and I enjoy reading it cover to cover.

Linda D. Birner
Mom... Guess What... I
Sacramento

PHOTOGRAPHERS RAP

★ About a month ago I organized a rap session for Gay photographers at the San Francisco Photography Center. The group has grown into the Gay Photographers' Workshop and will be meeting bi-weekly. Our purpose is to critique one another's work, cooperate on individual and group projects, and share information about photography in San Francisco. We invite all interested to join us.

The San Francisco Photography Center is located in the basement of the Harvey Milk Recreational Arts Center, 50 Scott Street at Duboce.

Matthew Krieger, 626-9395
San Francisco

FOR PARADE'S SPECIAL SPECTATORS

★ At Sunday's Gay Day parade I was aware of a need, and it would cost the city nothing or very little to add to EVERY parade space only for the handicapped such as wheelchair space at the curb in each block and space for children only.

The streetcar islands could be used for children only and an area to accommodate a dozen wheelchairs in each block on each side of the street could be roped off just for the use of these special people.

Is this possible?

Vernon Link
San Francisco

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David Klein
Personnel Analyst, EBMUD
Oakland, CA



Real Estate

By BILL FELDMAN
PREFERRED REALTY

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expire, or you can consider changes. If you change anything in the offer you are reversing the process and making an "offer to sell" to purchaser who then has the same options.

Are all names correct? Is the property correctly described? Is the mortgage information accurate? Can you move by the possession date? Is the purchase price satisfactory? Then double check your calculations to be sure you know how much cash you will receive. If you have any doubts about points contained in the offer do not sign it until they have been completely removed from your mind.

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★ ★ ★

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Senator now say that since Silver has made the decision and has announced, they will now support her regardless of whether or not Marks announces for District Attorney. Marks, however, when reached last Friday in Sacramento, said Silver's entry into the D.A. race will not influence his decision to run for that office. Marks said, "My decision will not be altered by whoever is in the race."

While announcing she would not challenge Feinstein, Silver, nevertheless, had some strong criticism for the Mayor, declaring that Feinstein "was not as empathetic to the Moscone constituency as she ought to

have been" and noted that the Mayor had failed to pursue programs in child care and rent control. While Silver said she would not take on Feinstein, she made no pledge to support the Mayor for election either.

Silver, the mother of two young sons, is a graduate of the University of Chicago and a fellow at Harvard's Institute of Politics, and is a former legal counsel to former Sheriff Richard Hongisto; she was elected to the Board from District Six (the Mission) in 1977 with over 42,000 votes.

Silver said to her supporters, "This has been one hell of a month. I never intended to run for anything." The Dan White fiasco and the May 21 riots changed all that.

Wayne Friday

Stanford to Study Police Role in Riot

The San Francisco Police Commission has hired Stanford Research Institute to investigate the Police Department's response to the May 21 City Hall riot, it was announced last week.

Commission President Richard Siggins said SRI and the commission have agreed to have the Palo Alto firm conduct a \$25,000 study to be completed August 9.

Siggins said the commission is contracting with SRI because the firm has the investigative ability and neutrality to look into the performance of the department and its leadership, including Chief Charles Gain.

The commission's announcement said clerical help and other resources of the Police Department will be made available to SRI.

Siggins said SRI will look into eight or nine areas of police performance that the commission wants examined.

Gays Give Warm Welcome

British Tourist to Stay and Fight

Carl Hill, the Gay man who was taken into custody at San Francisco Airport after admitting he was a homosexual, has decided to remain in the United States to fight the US Immigration Service's prohibiting homosexuals entry into this country.

A District Court judge has set a hearing for 11:00am on July 6. Donald Knutson of Gay Rights Advocates, one of the lawyers representing Hill, told B.A.R. that since the psychiatric profession no longer recognizes homosexuality as an illness neither should the courts.

Congressman Phillip Burton (D-S.F.) termed the treatment of British visitor Carl Hill "an outrage." Congressman Burton has made his views known to the Department of State, the House Judiciary Committee and the Immigration and Naturalization Service (both in San Francisco and Washington, D.C.). Congressman Burton stated: "I am committed to do all in my power to change the regulation which led to this incident."

U.S. Attorney Hunter disagreed. He said that the Supreme Court noted that Congress, in excluding homosexuals "was not leaving the matter to the discretion of the medical profession." The term sexual deviation, Hunter stated, was "specifically formulated to include homosexuals."

Burton went on to say, "It is not enough to correct the situation for Carl Hill. The section of the law which led to this action must be clarified or changed, if necessary, to see to it that this does not happen again."

Despite all the press conferences and lawyers meetings, Hill stated that he and his lover, Michael Mason, had a wonderful time in San Francisco. Hill and Mason were overwhelmed with joy when they led the Gay Pride Day Parade, Hill stated. People recognized them in the parade and shouted nice things; they shouted back. The only disappointment Hill and Mason had during that day was that they were not able to take as many pictures as they would have liked because they were marching. Mason has returned to London to cover their own Gay Pride Day Parade for his paper, *London Gay News*.

Hill and Mason's stay together in San Francisco was a festive one. One night they ate at the Butcher Shop Restaurant on Polk Street where their waiter insisted on buying them their wine. They went fishing. They were special guests at the Grace Cathedral concert. They also spent a lovely night out with two Lesbians and ended the evening dancing at Amelia's, a Women's bar on Valencia Street. They sampled the baths. They left the city for a day for a tour of the wine country, the Russian River, and looked for a Gay beach which they never found. They spent their anniversary in Sausalito where they had dinner with a reporter from the *Chronicle*.

Hill said that he and Mason have met some wonderful people in San Francisco and they love the openness of homosexuality in San Francisco.

Hill will stay and fight as long as it is financially possible. Gay Rights Advocates have set up a

PROBLEM HAIR?

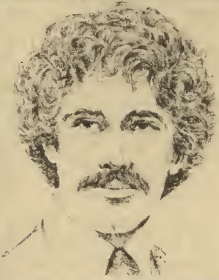
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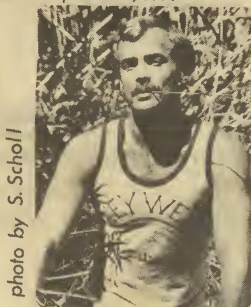


photo by S. Scholl

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Carl Hill and Michael Mason hold the now infamous button which brought them both problems with US Immigration and notoriety during their stay. (Photo by John Gieske)



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M.C.: Kelly

Judges: Empress IX Freida, Empress XI Flame,
Empress XIII Char

Grand Prize: Round Trip to Palm Springs

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JULY 14

1st Annual

Indian Prince and Princess of San Francisco Contest

Hostess: Kelly

American Indian Theme

\$100.00 in Prizes

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special bank account for Hill with donations that people have sent in.

Hill stated that the warmth both he and Mason have received from people in S.F. makes him feel like the Immigration at S.F. Airport is not at all representative of the people.

In taking Hill's case, the Gay Rights Advocates are anxious for the matter to be adjudicated in court. At the same time government attorneys are trying to avoid a hearing. The government strategy: that Hill will leave and be forgotten, and matters will remain where they were — in limbo.

Monica Bell, local Deputy Director of US Immigration, told B.A.R. that "our options are limited." By their attorneys' maneuvers it now becomes apparent the government seeks to retain those limited options.

Claudia Moomjy

Libertarians' Post-White Trial Inquest

By Ray P. Comeau

Despite urgings of Mayor Feinstein, it is inevitable that the Dan White trial and its aftermath will not be "swept away with the glass." The whole mess was alive again at Mission High School the evening of June 19 when Professor of Psychiatry Thomas Szasz and others took the stand on behalf of the Libertarian Party in the continuing effort to shoot down the use of psychiatric testimony in the courtroom.

Playing to a packed house in the main auditorium, the Libertarians wisely led off with Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver who reported that even her three-year old son knew that "Dan White is a bad man."

Silver, calling it "one of the

most distressing trials ever," placed blame with D.A. Joseph Freitas for faulty prosecution. "There's something wrong with this trial," she says she told Freitas. At the same time, Silver exonerated the jury. They "did nothing wrong," she claimed, having made their decision for a verdict of voluntary manslaughter on the basis of the presented evidence.

Key speaker Dr. Thomas Szasz, a short man with a gracious manner and pronounced accent, was greeted with a standing ovation. He apologized for the lengthiness of his remarks by saying that, unlike others on the program, he was "not running for any office."

Szasz' testimony covered in depth the history of American Psychiatry's deep and lasting contempt of homosexuality and its conspiracy to take over the courts, tying the two adroitly together with the Dan White verdict which he termed a "travesty of justice."

Szasz traced the power of psychiatry in America since World War II when it was used for disposing of "useless or unwanted military personnel" (notably queers). Taking to task the likes of the Mennings, Brock Chisholm, Manfred Guttmacher and other "psychiatric perverters of our system of justice," Szasz pointed out the difference between actual "diminished capacity" in terms of physical organs of the human body and the same term's misuse by American psychiatry as the description of a mental condition. He remarked that Bernard Diamond, Professor of Psychiatry and Law at U.C.-Berkeley, is the "authority widely acknowledged to be most responsible for popularizing the doctrine of 'diminished capacity.'" Diamond's opinion is that "there is no such thing as free will" and that "every defendant is a 'patient'."

Tying it all in to the Milk-Moscone murders, Szasz exhorted: "Keep in mind that, according to the experts . . . there is no such thing as a political assassination in America . . . [where] only 'mental patients' kill political figures." He



Thomas Szasz, Professor of Psychiatry and world-famous critic of the profession, addressed Libertarian Party. Of the Dan White trial Szasz said, "The defense and prosecution collaborated in deliberately depoliticizing the assassinations."

(Photo by John Gieske)

detailed the facts of the City Hall killings and then connected up the assassinations of John F. and Robert Kennedy and the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald, all victims of "lone psychotics" which is exactly what we are supposed to believe about Dan White. With appropriate irony, Szasz added: "If you don't believe that, you are paranoid."

There was more dreadfully dry irony conveyed in Szasz' astute analysis of the obvious evidence of premeditation on White's part versus the psychiatric evaluation of White's condition by the defense "experts" which strongly influenced the jury's decision. Szasz then bluntly stated the reality: "The defense and the prosecution collaborated in deliberately depoliticizing the assassinations."

He further stated that "Journalists saw the truth — and they saw it withheld, evaded and obscured by the psychiatrists (and the prosecution)." Quoting from Mike Weiss, Charles McCabe and Herb Caen, Szasz asked: "If these journalists are telling the truth, what did the psychiatrists tell us and the jury? A 'higher' version of the truth — or strategic untruths?"

The double bind is that "Since 'psychiatric expert testimony' is, legally speaking, opinion — it can never be perjured." In other words, the psychiatrists can influence the juries any way they want to and get away with it.

Calling "diminished capacity" an "utter hoax," Szasz then brought up the second "pillar" of the White defense: "a subtle but persistent appeal to the jury's anti-homosexual prejudices." He commented that: "This latter aspect of the defense strategy has seemingly been overlooked by most previous commentators on the trial." (Anybody wonder why?)

"White should become a symbol of what happens to a guilty individual when anti-homosexual hatred . . . is allowed to masquerade as

justice," Szasz advised, continuing to pursue the main thread of his theme which is that "American psychiatry is White's accomplice in crime" and further evidence of the fact that psychiatric testimony has no place in the courtroom.

Following the main address, Dr. Szasz fielded questions from the audience. He was asked to comment on the violence at City Hall following announcement of the White verdict. "Better to be feared than held in contempt," he stated, strongly reinforcing the rightness of the outraged reaction to the wrongness of the jury's decision.

Asked if he would "defend" psychiatry at all in any way, Szasz cleverly twisted a common axiom by stating that he was agreeable to "voluntary psychiatric acts between consenting adults."

He warned again that, in his opinion, many psychiatrists are simply in the business of searching out "victims" to fatten their already overstuffed wallets and admonished the audience that the American public is being duped into using tax money to make psychiatrists even wealthier by allowing them as "experts" in courtrooms. As with any other "religion," he cautioned, psychiatry should not be allowed to influence law.

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of Szasz' remarks, reinforced by Supervisor Silver's earlier statement, was his judgment of the Dan White jury as not guilty. Echoing Silver (and even the sentiments of the mayor), he remarked that while the American jury system is imperfect it is the best we've got.

Admonished by one audience member about connecting up anti-Gay sentiment with the psychiatric mishandling of the White trial, Szasz exonerated himself perfectly with a point-by-point reconstruction of the facts of bias evident in the background of Dan White, the prosecution's failure to insure Gay representation on the jury, etc.

FRED B. ROSENBERG

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Womanalysis

The Club Agreement

by Priscilla Alexander

The District Attorney has said that it is okay for a third party (hotel/motel owner, sex club owner) to make money off of other people's sexual activity. Since such third parties are, for all intents and purposes, pimping off of sexual activity, the line between commercial and non-commercial sex is rapidly disappearing. In a way, this agreement is only a formal statement of the fiction that has allowed pimps to run massage parlors that everyone pretends are not prostitution businesses.

The agreement also tends to reinforce the assumption in our society that men's sexual activities are okay, while women's are not. At the time that Mayor Moscone, Joseph Freitas and Charles Gain decided to investigate the sex clubs, a lawsuit was being filed that charged that the enforcement of prostitution laws against women who worked as independent prostitutes was discriminatory since the sex that took place in Gay men's baths and clubs was being ignored.

In general, men are much more interested in casual and anonymous sex than women are. In the homosexual world, this is reflected in the fact that while there are numerous Gay men's baths, and similar establishments, there is no analogous system in the Lesbian community. In the heterosexual world, this difference is evident in any "singles' bar," where the men almost always outnumber the women. Because of this, most heterosexual men must look to prostitutes if they want readily obtainable, casual, anonymous sex.

The arrest figures make clear that male customers of prostitutes are, for all intents and purposes, left alone. In 1977, out of 2,938 persons arrested in San Francisco on prostitution charges, 2,101 were female prostitutes, 512 were male prostitutes, and 320 were male customers. There were no female customers arrested. Clearly, women who are willing to provide such casual, anonymous sex in exchange for a fee are being punished for acceding to men's sexual demands.

There are other examples of this hypocrisy. In newspaper accounts of arrests at the Mitchell Brothers "Ultra Room" — a sex establishment where women are paid to whip each other, strip, pop ping pong balls out of their vaginas, etc. while the customers sit behind two-way mirrors in small cubicles — and the Copenhagen Lounge — where women cavort in a dark room, naked amidst seated customers who aim flashlights at various parts of their bodies — a police officer was quoted as saying that the reason for the arrests was

that some male customers had been observed touching the female performers, and therefore "prostitution" had taken place. Needless to say, the male customers were not arrested.

The whole question of pornography reinforces the incredible double standard.

In hundreds, perhaps thousands, of glossy, expensive heterosexual pornography magazines; in hundreds of expensive technicolor movies, and thousands of 8mm stag films and porno loops, women engage, and engage, and engage in sexual acts of every description, in exchange for money. No attempt is made to arrest these women on prostitution charges.

I suspect that the reason is that, although these women are paid for their sexual work, their portion of the profits from pornography are so small that District Attorneys are willing to ignore it.

The incredible profits that are to be made in pornography go almost exclusively to male producers (the few women producers are the exceptions that prove the rule). The Mitchell Brothers make a whole lot more money than even the biggest pornography stars, including such luminaries as Annette Haven, Tempest Storm, or Honeysuckle Divine. But it is not only that. In the print/film/video media, the picture of the sexual activity is permanently fixed and duplicatable, and infinitely distributable, completely out of the control of the performers involved.

I speak of heterosexual pornography because, as a woman, I am physically endangered by its very existence. Because my involvement in the movement to change, control and/or end pornography is known, many Gay men have spoken to me about similar feelings about homosexual pornography. But I will have to let Gay men speak about that.

There is more. Although opinion polls indicate that a majority of the American public thinks that when a woman is raped it is not her fault, when it comes to juries, District Attorneys, Judges, and others in a position to separate rapists from open society, this assumption seems to get lost. Various studies have indicated that only from two to six percent of reported rapes end in a conviction, and for every reported rape, there are at least ten more.

Those two to six percent that end in convictions almost exclusively involve victims who were virgins, or unquestionably chaste, monogamous wives. Hitchhikers are said to be asking for it (Judge Lynn Comp-

ton, Los Angeles), rape is a normal act for a 15-year old boy (Judge Archie Simonson, Madison), or the victim is asked, by the police, or on the stand, if she enjoyed it.

Father/daughter incest, supposedly the biggest taboo in our society although it is ignored in Leviticus, affects roughly ten percent of women; and there is some evidence that the abuse of sons by their fathers is similar.

So, pornography (controlled by men), rape and incest (almost exclusively male crimes, although victims come in both sexes), are condoned by the society, while prostitution (especially female prostitution) is condemned. Something seems bizarre when women are victimized no matter what they do.

In some ways, prostitution is an adaptation to rape, and it is also a form of bribery.

About 50 to 75 percent of juvenile prostitutes are victims of incest (compared with ten percent of the rest of us). At least half of adult prostitutes were sexually misused by some adult male in their childhood, many of them brutally, even if the abuse was not always incest.

With such a background, it is clear that many women who agree to engage in prostitution do so because they figure it is better to fuck for money than get raped. And conversely, the customer in this system is effectively bribing the prostitute to engage in sexual activity that she would otherwise not engage in. The high rate of rape and other assaults that prostitutes suffer suggest that sometimes the bribe is followed up



Artist Leslie Lowe presents her posthumous portrait of Harvey Milk to Supervisor and candidate for District Attorney, Carol Ruth Silver. The portrait hung in the City Hall Rounda during Gay Freedom Week and Silver promised it a permanent home in City Hall. It now hangs in her office. Artist Lowe presented the work to Silver as the one city official who will carry on the ideals of Harvey Milk.

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Certainly, the classic situation of the juvenile runaway who is picked up in a bus station, after she has run away from her incestuous father, by some sweet talking man who feeds her, houses her, and seduces her, gaining her trust, and then threatens to beat her if she refuses to go out on the street, reinforces the rape aspect of prostitution. The prostitute, in such a situation, is caught between the physical attack of the pimp, and the offer of money from the trick. It is, perhaps, the only case in which the briber gets off easier than the bribee.

I get pretty depressed sometimes when I think about the brutality that exists in this society, and seems to exist as far as women are concerned throughout the patriarchy. We are punished if we say no to sex (raped), and we are punished if we say yes (busted). Our sexuality is used to sell everything from books on economics and medicine, to telephone switchboards and cars (look at the currently running commercial for Palo Alto Toyota), to trips to Nevada.

I like to think that if women had equal power, things would change. But the few women who have managed to make it to the political top — Thatcher in England, Meir in Israel, Gandhi in India, and Feinstein in San Francisco — do not offer a whole lot of hope. Meanwhile, let us celebrate that consenting, adult sex, behind the locked doors of private clubs is legal, and hope that legality will soon be conferred on paid-for prostitution. Let us end the endless persecution of women which, after all, is the root of homophobia.

Priscilla Alexander

**Accosted? Don't
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blow your whistle.**

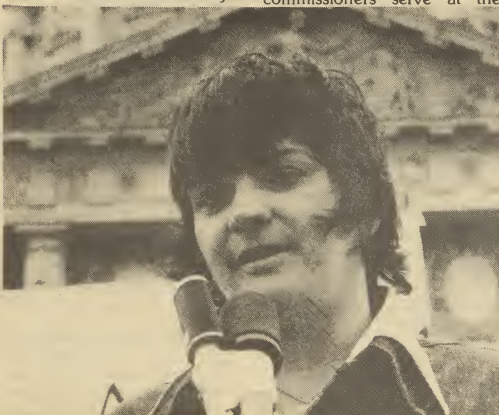
Scott & Feinstein Fight It Out

SCOTT, ANGERED BY FIRING, FIGHTS BACK

By Wayne Friday

While the Mayor was in China, David Scott, President of the San Francisco Board of Permit Appeals, announced he was a candidate for Mayor. Scott, a well known realtor and up-front Gay activist, had been rumored as a possible opponent of Supervisor Harry Britt in the upcoming 5th District Supervisorial race but decided to run against Dianne Feinstein claiming that both Feinstein and Supervisor Quentin Kopp, another announced candidate, both "represent ghosts of politics past."

Scott announced for Mayor



Newly-appointed member of the Board of Permit Appeals, Jo Daly.

on June 19 and by June 26 he found himself fired from the Board of Permit Appeals by the Mayor. The Mayor sent Scott a terse letter saying "that it is not appropriate for a member of my administration to use this position in the administration as a platform to run against the administration in the November election." The Mayor added that she was following a policy established by her predecessor, the late Mayor Moscone. Moscone removed Harvey Milk from the same Board of Permit Appeals after Milk had announced that he would run against Assemblyman Art Agnos in the 1976 Democratic Primary. Milk, of course, lost that election by only about 3,000 votes but was later elected to the Board of Supervisors.

At the time Moscone fired Milk, he replaced Milk with attorney Rick Stokes, who subsequently resigned to run against Milk in the 1977 District 5 race.

Scott, angered because he was notified of the firing by a reporter instead of being notified by the Mayor's staff, blasted Feinstein saying, "This is an example of the crass brand of leadership that she gives the city." Scott noted that Quentin Kopp was not resigning from the Board of Supervisors to run for Mayor and also noted that four years ago Feinstein herself ran for Mayor while serving on the Board of Supervisors, without resigning.

Some observers think Scott's

candidacy will harm the Mayor's own election chances particularly in the city's large and politically active Gay community, and though most doubt Scott will actually win the Mayor's race, he could draw off enough liberal votes to possibly swing the election to another candidate. Scott immediately challenged the firing in Superior Court claiming the Mayor was "denying me my First Amendment rights." However, last Friday Superior Court Judge Francis Meyer rejected Scott's petition to stay the firing. Judge Meyer ruled that commissioners serve at the

pleasure of the Mayor. Scott was appointed by the late Mayor George Moscone.

Scott told B.A.R. early this week he would appeal the Superior Court's decision.

Meanwhile, after learning that Scott had lost his fight in Judge Meyer's court, the Mayor announced she was appointing long-time political ally of Feinstein, Lesbian activist Jo Daly to the vacant seat on the Board of Permit Appeals. Daly, a former president of the Toklas Democratic Club and former statewide chairperson of the Gay Caucus of the California Democratic Council, according to a City Hall press release is a "self-employed consultant in micro processor software applications for small business and community organizations." Feinstein said of Daly, "We have been very close and she (Daly) has been very supportive over the years." In October of 1977 Daly and her friend Nancy Achilles, a press aide to Feinstein's campaign manager Don Bradley, were, according to Achilles, "joined as life companions" in a ceremony in Feinstein's home. Daly was one of the names listed on Harvey Milk's posthumous tape as an unacceptable successor.

Scott, who says he can probably raise \$100,000 to \$150,000 to wage a low-budget campaign, has not run for political office before, but political observers who know him see him as a dedicated,

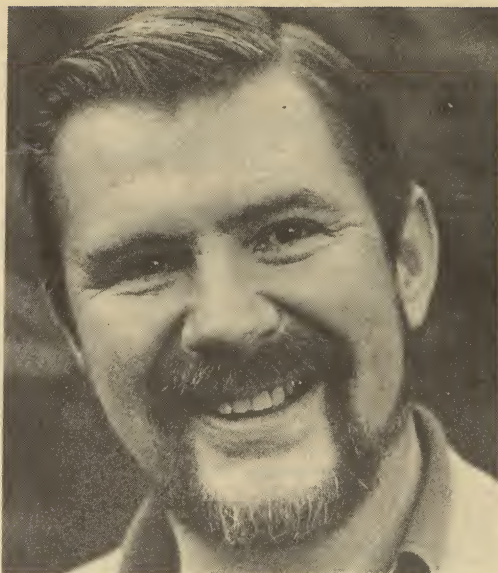
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Ousted President of the Board of Permit Appeals, David Scott. (Photo by Efrén Ramirez)

sharp campaigner who claims he "is in the race to stay." One Gay political veteran said Scott could very well poll over 100,000 votes, a figure that has got to bother both of the two announced major candidates, Feinstein and Kopp.

Politics & People

Politics & Poker...

Wayne Friday

Now that Carol Ruth Silver has officially declared for District Attorney, many liberals are again urging Milton Marks to run for Mayor . . . L.A. Gay rights leader Don Amador expected to run for City Council in that city . . . Ray Sloane, former aide to Dan White, running Republican Ed Lawson's campaign for Supe in District II!

Margaret Cruz, former president of MAPA, has put together a group in District 7 called Latinos Against Bob Gonzales . . . Lilia Medina resigned from the Commission on the Status of Women to take the post as assistant to the Charter Commission . . . Willie Brown, Milton Marks and Carol Ruth Silver received the biggest ovations of all the politics riding in the Gay Freedom Day Parade . . . one of Mayor Feinstein's not-so-loyal staff running off at the mouth the other evening about how unhappy she is with Dianne and how she had hoped Joe Alioto would run again — everyone in Bruno's Restaurant got an earful of the blast directed at the Mayor . . . Dems and Republicans alike in Sacramento happy that Ken Maddy won that special Senatorial election in the 14th District . . . Contrary to a published report, Anne Kronenberg tells me she will not be managing Carol Migden's campaign in District 5. . .

Latest piece of silly "jump-on-the-Gay-bandwagon" literature leafleted at the Freedom Day parade by supporters of Kay Pachtner was entitled "Gays, Lesbians, and Kay" —

really the work of an amateur . . . Dick Hongisto blasted Sheriff Gene Brown labeling Brown's regime as a "tragedy, scandal and a shame" (former Sheriff Hongisto will campaign for challenger Mike Hennessey) . . . newly-appointed Board of Permit Appeals Commissioner Jo Daly's friend Nancy Achilles is a secretary to Feinstein's campaign manager, Don Bradley . . . Bob Bradley adding his name to the ever-growing list for Supe in District 7 . . . Vice President Mondale in town this week meeting with Mayor Feinstein and other Carter backers. Meanwhile, Sacramento insiders say the mere mention of the Mayor's name brings sarcastic remarks from Jerry Brown . . . I spotted a couple of pink Blum For Mayor buttons at the Silver party last week. . .

Harry Britt campaigning hard to keep his Board seat; meanwhile, one clown running in District 5 has a piece of literature out in which the only politician he slams is Harvey Milk? . . . Tom Edwards now tells us he will support Leonard Matlovich for Supervisor . . . one City Hall source tells me that Quentin Kopp will be meeting soon with some leaders of the Gay community to talk about the Mayor's race . . . meanwhile, one longtime supporter of Milton Marks told me over the weekend that he would support Silver for D.A. no matter what the Senator decides — "simply got tired of waiting around for Milton," the disappointed Marks' fan complained. . .

Ron Smith, Dianne Feinstein's campaign manager four years ago in the Mayoral race, now managing Arlo Smith's campaign . . . Not too many of us were surprised that Examiner political columnist Bill Barnes' claim he has never met "that other State Senator from San Francisco" — as far as I am concerned, the Democratic Party would be doing this city a favor if it told John Foran to take a walk the next time around . . . Joe Russin, talented newscaster formerly from Channels 9 and 5, back in town writing for *New West* . . . despite health problems, Kayo Hallinan has apparently decided to run for Super after all. . .

Mayoral candidate David Scott, the Gay hope, delighted with the publicity he received from being fired by the Mayor.

Gay Charges Police Beating

Another episode of alleged police harassment and brutality of Gays has surfaced. Arthur Silvani of Larkin Street reported that he left Studio West at approximately 1:00am June 21, hailed a Veterans Cab, and was taken for a ride — more of one than expected. Calling to driver Ronald E. Fiandaca's attention that the meter charge was more than what it usually cost for the same trip, Silvani said he would only pay the regular fare, Fiandaca stopped the cab at Ellis and Market and telephoned police.

According to friends, Silvani was arrested and held overnight, charged with five misdemeanors: resisting arrest, battery on Fiandaca, battery on police officer Steven Zimmerman, public drunkenness and obstructing the sidewalk, public exposure, and refusing to pay cabfare. Silvani denies the charges, reporting that he was taken to the police station where officers refused to advise him of the reason for his arrest, clubbed him, and destroyed his personal property. He is scheduled to appear in court on July 6 and is seeking legal help with the case.

Dorian Group Pulls Out Of March

Seattle

The Board of Trustees of The Dorian Group, Washington State's largest Gay civil rights organization, last week issued a statement withdrawing support from the proposed March on Washington, D.C.

Roger Winters, spokesman for The Dorian Group, told B.A.R., "After careful consideration of the issue of the national march, we decided that this effort does not merit our support or prioritization at this time.

"We agree that peaceful public demonstration can serve essential good," he continued, "if the focus is clear and the issue timely." While he said

that the goals of the march coincide with those of The Dorian Group, they believe that the most significant gains on several of the demands of march organizers will be made at the local and state levels. Winters added, "We have deep concern for the tremendous energy and money required for such a march . . . effort and funds urgently needed by organizations working for these reforms in their own communities.

"We cannot deny the spiritual reward which may accrue from the march to Gay men and Lesbians from rural communities who have never experienced the excitement of 'community.' Nevertheless, due to the lack of a single, timely federal issue on which to predicate the march, The Dorian Group will continue to expend our major energies where they can make the greatest advancement — at home in Washington State."

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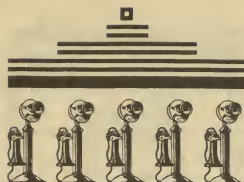
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The Men in My Life

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PART I THE GRID & THE GRIDDLE

His name was Richard Zembronski or Jambrouski. It's not important now, though 30 years ago it was a name to reckon with — both on the playing field and to one who had just begun to play the field.

But before I describe the particular play, permit me to concoct some of the arena.

The 1950's have been a decade both maligned and misinterpreted. Some of us who came of age during those years look upon the contemporary versions with amazement. For example, I find in the Fonz little resemblance to who I was.

The era, say its critics, was a time of *junesse dore* pockmarked with ersatz values. The Eisenhower years have been characterized as a placid time — if not a tepid one. The greater war which had galvanized a people in sacrifice, courage, and carnage was barely over, and great evils had been wiped clean from the face of the earth. And out of the rubble we were building a better world — or so we thought. The nation's youth were heavily in debt.

Today's media caricatures such as "Grease" and "Laverne and Shirley" and Henry Winkler are as alien to me as I suspect they were to millions of other young Americans. Yet as attractive as they might appear, these types were the underside of the American coin. They were America in stasis. Or those left in the wake of the many more who were mobile upward and outward.

Dominant was a decidedly

cooler side of the coin, typified perhaps by personalities as Pat Boone and Grace Kelly. And while both might "stolidify" with time, they were more than an image match for Elvis in their coming of age. These were the princes and princesses of another kingdom. The educated, the ambitious, the soft-and-well-spoken. They symbolized a modest romantic spirit. Clean-cut and Ivy league were still badges of honor.

Anyone I knew — who weren't the particularly privileged — would have given their fraternity pins for four years of Columbia or Smith College or a year in Paris. Madison Avenue and medical school were goals where one could be both creative and amply compensated. A career in the Foreign Service was considered an ultimate achievement.

Duty was still a virtue; military service a debt owed to a society that had afforded us so much. When one's fathers and older brothers had been transmuted to a proudly hung gold star in the front window, avoiding the draft was an act of perfidy.

And yet the fabric wasn't an unblemished weave of bleached muslin. There existed deviant threats, some exemplified by a new crop of fictional heroes and heroines, D. H. Salinger's Holden Caulfield from "Catcher in the Rye" and Truman Capote's Holly Golightly from "Breakfast at Tiffany's." Imps whose ingenuity and mischievousness fucked-up the system. A cast who played by rules but in the wrong key.

The mid-50's first threw up the beatniks who were quickly ridiculed into oblivion (or so we thought until they resurfaced *en masse* as the flower children). And so too it was in the 50's that we first became conscious of a seamier stripe, "unamerican."

These were "reds" and "pinkos" and fellow travelers and — what's worse, homosexuals that had to be purged from the ranks of sensitive government posts.

From what I had experienced up to then — what with all the males who had tried to trade worm for worm — I just knew that all the "homos" couldn't possibly be concentrated in Washington, D.C. I

was by 1950 a lone, hungry cub on the prowl — not knowing what leaf to look under. My first summer home from college, I sensed that downtown New York had to be a leafy glade. Little did I know the forest it would prove to be.

To be continued.

Polk Street Sally

The Travailing Perils of Polk St. Sally

by Dixon

PART II TO PORTLAND WITH LOVE

Finally, we are aloft. The Yellow Banana is noisy as hell . . . the stews are somewhat flaky . . . and, the complimentary dinner served is straight from the famous Kal-Kan Kitchens . . . Henri Leleu parading up and down the aisle seeking out souvenirs (translation: anything which is not nailed down).

The killer hearts game is going strong . . . with Grey, Darryl, JB (Bender) and Bill. Takes lots of skill not to cheat, due to the close quarters . . . but JB manages to lose again. Willis is humming and still worrying his dog . . . Lott Liess catnapping, with his mouth open. If Lott knew it was going to be "Paradise revisited" in Portland, he would have practiced sleeping with his mouth open for two months prior to this trip!

Charlottee Coleman & Phyllis Manning yik-yaking with Luscious Lorelei & Darrell Thorne . . . looking at the stews out of the corner of their eyes. The stews cleaning the cocktail hour away, looking at Charlottee and Phyllis out of the corner of their eyes . . .

The third stew is still babbling on the mike (no one can understand her) . . . Somewhere over 30,000 feet, flying close to the wondrous Mt. Shasta . . . Jim (Dolores) Dargavel remarked on this stunning sight and pleaded with me to open my eyes. I ventured a peek, and promptly closed them again. Jim, inno-

cently: "Seriously, Dixon, isn't it worth this trip just to see this magnificent mountain from the air?" Dixon: "Seriously, Jim, please go fuck yourself!"

My friend, The Producer, Bob Golovich let me know when we landed, finally . . . As usual, Portland has pulled out all the stops to make the SF contingent feel more-than-welcome.

The rooms at the Heathman were superb . . . all with real roses in each room. We were scattered among three floors. My room was between Willis and Lotte. (Will tell that story someday.) They are still redecorating the hotel . . . it's commencing to look like a cross between the Cinch and Gilmore's . . . Lord help us, they've discovered wood slats and shingles . . .

The marvelous Mame (David Hamilton) & Lance were on hand to greet and send us on the fabulous programs they have arranged for us. Luscious particularly loved the "Hunky Guy" contest at Darcelle's. Yawn . . . typical of all hunky contests . . . members (some) had what looked like terminal acne or dirty toenails . . . or both.

Well, the Ninth Hanging of Sweet Lips has begun . . . what with over 3,000 sailors and The Lipper in town together at the same time, it promises to be interesting . . . As Mame so aptly put it: "If you live through the weekend with Sweet Lips, you will realize words are superfluous and stamina is necessary."

British Politician Acquitted

London

Jeremy Thorpe, the 50-year old former Liberal Party Leader, has been acquitted of plotting to murder Norman Scott because of exposure of a homosexual affair. Scott, a former male model, is now a horse trainer.

The 31-day trial ended a three-year ordeal that cost the popular politician his party leadership, his seat in Parliament, and "one of the most promising careers in British politics."

The case had been highly sensationalized by the British media and had been dubbed

"the trial of the century."

In his summation to the jury, the presiding judge described the evidence against Thorpe as "almost entirely circumstantial." He had also described Scott as "a crook, a fraud, a sponger, and a parasite."

From the beginning Thorpe had insisted that he was innocent of both the criminal charge and any sexual relationship with Scott. Observers feel, however, that there is no political future for Thorpe. His distinguished 20-year career in the House of Commons has been ruined.

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Points South, East, & North

Coronation on the Bay

by Gene

HAYWARD FLOAT: Teamwork Personified

The Hayward float was one of the highlights in this past Gay Freedom Day Parade. Hayward, in its second year of float building, outdid themselves with this year's entry, and at the same time set an example for the rest of the community.

For the past year, the Hayward Equal Rights Organization, headed up by Frank Frommelt, and the Hayward Gay Sheriff float committee, with last year's sheriff Tony and this year's sheriff Steve, as well as the local bars put on a series of fund-raising events for the float. There were Walk-A-Thons, Cut-A-Thons, spaghetti feeds, Skate-A-Thons, and even a carnival at the Turf Club, where some of the booths donated all or part of their profits to the float. The entire community took part and the owners, managers, and staff of the Turf Club, Get-A-Way, Mission Possible and the new bar in town, Big Mama's, all participated.

The float, designed by Ron Flojo, took one year and most of \$4,000 to build. All Hayward can be proud of their community effort.

SAUSALITO

Congratulations to Marin County's first Emperor & Empress — Empress I Kitty and Emperor I Jim. The Coronation, held aboard the Angel Island Ferry, was unusual to say the least. The only complaints I heard were that the guests were on board the ferry for four hours without entertainment or food. While on board, the MC for the evening — San Francisco's popular Empress XIV Ginger — had her hands full trying to keep the pace moving. Most guests agree that she did an outstanding job.

OAKLAND with Nez Pas

The big parade is over and all the awards have been given. Nez Pas congratulates each and every one of the winners. Special plaudits must be given to the Zephyr in Oakland for this city's first effort ever in the Gay Freedom Day Parade. I personally know of all the hours and hours spent in

preparing the float. Regardless of the presented awards, the

Zephyr float was a winner in more ways than one. Hats off to all the Zephyr crew and all those who brought the float to fruition, including The Hub in Walnut Creek and the Revol gang. Congratulations also to Hayward for their "prize-winning" entry. San Francisco must now realize that "we" do exist over here!

Tony of the Lancers is deeply

involved in his FIRST anniversary party (since becoming #1 there) and his new disco light show is something to see and to dance to. The big party is Sunday, July 15, from 2PM to 2AM. Knowing Tony, and his staff, this will be a fun bash, and a "must go" for everyone.

The Revol is having a "July Jubilee" for the entire month (No, not because Ralph and

Pete are leaving for two weeks!). Complimentary drink chits will be given, redeemable any Monday thru Thursday evening during July. People can receive the chits three different ways: Everyone having Sunday Brunch during July will receive a chit; everyone buying a bottle of wine with dinner in the Revol dining room will receive a chit; and anyone bringing in a 5 (five) for Revol's fifth

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Hayward float sponsored by Hayward Equal Rights Organization (H.E.R.O.) (Photo by John Hauser)

anniversary party in August will receive a drink chit. So start looking for those fives, guys (and gals)!

Looking at the calendar, I see where the Lake Lounge has been "right" for one year (they opened last year in the middle of July) and Fred and his crew continue to do a fantastic job on Madison Avenue. If their anniversary party is anything like their other functions, you know it will be a crowded, fun-filled affair, with Fred's fabulous flair forming the fantastic function!

New establishment in Oakland for those of us with wrinkled hair and falling skin (or is it the other way around?) is Terri's International Hair & Skin Care Center at 2140 Broadway in Oakland. David, from the Revol, can do wonders for your hair and skin. Give him a try . . . you'll be very pleased.

Grandma's House will soon be featuring food again — lunch, brunch, and dinner.

They will specialize in inexpensive meals. Don't forget every Sunday — all day — is Shorts Sunday. Special prices at Grandma's for all that wear cut-offs or shorts.

Gene

Want a hot number? Take one out of a B.A.R. classified.

Oakland Gay Rights Ordinance

The newly-formed Oakland Gay Rights Ordinance committee held its first public meeting on June 27 to discuss passage of an Oakland Gay rights bill.

The proposed measure is similar to the recently approved comprehensive Berkeley and San Francisco Gay rights ordinances in forbidding discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation in housing, public accommodations, and employment.

The meeting was held at the new Pacific Center building at 2712 Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley.

Phone Robert Brokl at 655-3841 for more information.

Gay Directory On Sale

The 1979 Lesbian and Gay Men's Resource Directory is now available in xerox form. This Resource Directory is currently the most up-to-date

of its kind and includes Lesbian and Gay organizations in San Francisco and the East Bay.

Those wishing a copy may send \$4 + \$1 (for postage and handling) to: Resource Directory c/o Acceptance House, 1710 Golden Gate Ave., SF 94115.

Proceeds from this directory will benefit Acceptance House (a residential alcoholism recovery program for Sexual Minorities).

South Bay Picnic

The South Bay Chapter of GGBA (Golden Gate Business Association) is holding a picnic Sunday, July 22, in Woodside.

The event will run from Noon to 7PM in Huddart Park (Miwok Picnic Site). A picnic buffet will be catered by Bon Appetit. Donation has been set at \$8.

Call 956-8660 for more details.

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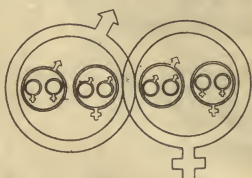
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Oakland float sponsored by Zephyr, Revul and The Hub. (Photo by John Hauser)



East Bay Gay Day brought out several thousand Gays in Berkeley. (Photo by John Gieske)

ENTERTAINMENT

Stage:

COUPLINGS

1 OUT OF 3 SHINES IN GAY ONE-ACTS

By Ray P. Comeau

COUPLINGS, the latest effort of the Earnest Players, is actually a trio of Gay one-act plays. As with most such evenings, this one is uneven but leans towards the positive.

"Fourplay" by Ross MacLean, opening the bill, is a Feydeau-like farce built around the single comic formula of illicit sexual liaisons gone awry. In this case it's two married couples all of whom are affair-ing with one another.

The annoying aspect of this production is that playwright MacLean's direction of his own work lacks sufficient zest to maintain continuous interest. Performances, too, ebb and flow in a spotty way that says to me that the actors — Jim Collins, Una Michaelson, Curt Crider and Paula Hamilton — were too intimidated to really have a fling at having flings. At times all four are good, with Crider coming closest to playing it right with the occasional look and sense of an Italian Chaplin.

The primary problem is that without more substance than this single gimmick of screwed-up attempted screwing and without ebullient playing to make the audience forget the thinness of the material, the play becomes lame.

Again, in the second entry, "Doubles" by John Arnold, the direction is off. This is essentially a melancholy vignette about two men who meet for a drink five years after the end of their love affair. Under Ron Tierney's direction, the piece lacks sufficient build. Actors Barry Ybarra and Howard Davis McNeely make it seem as though the lovers had never been apart (or maybe I mean never together). The wistfulness implied in the subtext simply fails to surface because McNeely comes across with too little warmth and Ybarra with too much yearning. Since I know the work of both actors and know they're fine performers, I was sorry to see so little chemistry working here.

The reward of the evening is the third play, C.D. Arnold's "The Last Days of the Red Star Saloon," a work written by Arnold especially for the Earnest Players. At the outset a rather weird comedy about a 31-year old male virgin who's just brought home his first trick, the play smoothly switches gears midway and becomes a poignant emotional tug-o'-war with nicely chiselled reflections between the worlds of illusion and reality.

C.D. Arnold's characters, too, are well-defined, three-dimensional, marvelously and carefully knitted into each other. The dialogue has a special flavor as well, dipping and swelling with puns and metaphors, refreshingly intelligent. Need I admit that I like this man's work?

Arnold has the further good fortune to have a near perfect trio of actors and as astute director delivering this initial production of SALOON. Utilizing a stark basement apartment setting ("same color as a dead slug"), director David Anderson elicits memorable performances and manages to arrange the actors in flexible and always interesting patterns.

Jay Dabbs, new to the City, is Ernest, the virgin ("I know, I'm an anachronism," Ernest admits). Not exactly the type I'd pictured in the role when I first heard the play read some time back, Dabbs brings a startlingly strange quality to Ernest which is right on the button. His reactions to the situation of his first possible sexual experience are superb, as is his timing and overall eventual charm.

As Harry, the experienced trick, Neil Lasky provides perfect balance as a cocky Gayman-of-the-world type at home with all of the ever-present

eccentricities of sexuality well known to the San Francisco we all know and love. Laskey has exquisite vitality and a twisty-mouthed delivery as he bounces off the walls of Ernest's surreal surroundings, physical and emotional.

And the third character? Ah yes, a magically mad creature named Sally Bananas who is the firing pin of the play. We are not told by the playwright whether Sally is really Ernest's mother or just another fig hag "critical parent" surrogate. The ambiguity, however, is essential since Ernest's decision as to whether or not to cut the thick symbolic umbilical cord and get free by allowing himself to be deflowered by Harry is what we're all waiting to see.

As Sally, Lupo Kaumihinuiwa doesn't come in with enough gusto to justify the big buildup of Sally Bananas, but she more than makes up for it as she goes along by delivering

her snipping barbs at Harry and smotherly concern for Ernest with expert skill. The three on stage together are a joy.

Earnest players, having bitten off perhaps more than they can comfortably chew in this their second major contribution to the City's ever-growing Gay theater movement, nevertheless account themselves adequately and, in the case of the last play, admirably.

COUPLINGS continues
Thursdays through Saturdays
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7:00pm through July 15 at
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The cast of *FOURPLAY*, Ernest Players' second production of Gay one-acts: (L. to R.) Curt Crider, Una Michaelson, Jim Collins, Paula Hamilton. "At times all four are good" - Ray P. Comeau

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Tuesday, July 17 8:00pm	MAYERLING (MacMillan/Liszt) Wall, Collier, Park, Mason
Wednesday, July 18 8:00pm	BIRTHDAY OFFERING (Ashton/Glazunov) Park, Wall A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY (Ashton/Chopin) Porter, Dowell LA FIN DU JOUR (MacMillan/Ravel) Park, Penney, Hosking, Eagling
Thursday, July 19 2:30pm	BIRTHDAY OFFERING Porter, Silver A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY Park, Silver ELITE SYNCOPATIONS (MacMillan/ Penney, Deane Joplin, et al.)
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Friday, July 20 8:00pm	SWAN LAKE (Petipa, Ivanov, Collier, Dowell Ashton/Tchaikovsky)
Saturday, July 21 2:30pm	SWAN LAKE Porter, Eagling
Saturday, July 21 8:00pm	SWAN LAKE Mason, Wall
Sunday, July 22 2:30pm	MAYERLING Eagling, Thorogood, Conley, Derman
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Cast and repertoire subject to change

Dance: HEAT UP THE DANISH

BALLET TROUPE GETS CAUGHT IN ARTS BATTLE

Don't let anyone hoodwink you into believing that all arts organizations cooperate out of sheer goodwill. When the Performing Arts Center was first announced, speculation ran rampant over whether the established squatters rights which held reign over the calendar of bookings for the Opera House would escalate into a full-scale war when the San Francisco Symphony moved into its new home.

On June 7 Kurt Herbert Adler fired the first missile, announcing that in 1981 the opera company would initiate a six-week international spring season, timed to coordinate contracts with singers booked into the European summer festivals. The other arts organizations in town, S.F. Ballet, S.F. Symphony, A.C.T., etc., had been working together (or so they thought) on coordinating a yearly summer arts festival for the City. With Adler's typical "Me first" salvo, the War Memorial quickly became a no-man's land. The visiting stars of the Royal Danish Ballet got caught in the crossfire.

The Danes had a Saturday matinee which inadvertently conflicted with rehearsal time for the Symphony. The Symphony refused to budge. There was a convention due in town that week for symphony orchestra administrators, along with the upcoming Beethoven festival. After the opera company's neat surprise, it was every man for himself. The Danes were forced to cancel their matinee, even after their producer offered to pay for rental space to relocate the symphony's rehearsal. The symphony's response was short, but sweet. "No dice."

The Danes were presenting a solid program of Bournonville choreography (mostly pas de deux and pas de trois). It was a sweet, but bland program — too much of the same thing wears thin over the course of the evening. Their dancers are

charming. The male leads could teach both ABT and the Airline Pilots Association a thing or two about smooth landings!

Just when we thought we were safe from the mad prattlings of Helena Butterfield, the Grand Ballet Classique de Burlingame plotted onto the stage of the Opera House. Their ads conspicuously hyped the "European is better" approach to the arts, stooping to such levels as billing their lead dancer as a "primo ballerino assoluto." Here is a sad case of badly misguided arts management (with money, too) trying to capitalize on an American inferiority complex in the arts and expecting a turnout of bubonic proportions. The souvenir program is the best evidence one could offer in court of the dementia induced by noise pollution in communities situated near major airports.

The evening was saved by the presence of an exciting young conductor, Louis Lopard, who shows major talent. There are some interesting dancers in the company, but they were noticeably not the leads. Asta Arisa's choreography for REVERIES was at best a joke. I would not wish her production of Stravinsky's FIREBIRD on a DC-10!

Ironically, one of the world's greatest dance companies arrives in the Bay Area in two weeks and cannot get into the Opera House because of technical rehearsals planned for the fall opera season. The Royal Ballet, like the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, must instead play the Berkeley Community Theatre. Take my word, it's worth it to haul ass over to the East Bay for the Royal Ballet. Crawl, take BART, mix amphetamines into your gas tank, but get over to Berkeley and catch their performances. Believe me, you'll be glad you did!

George Heymont

Attempted Diversion: NIGHTLIFE UNDERWHELMING

NIGHTLIFE, billed as "an evening of diverse entertainment," is a classic example of a good idea gone bad. The idea, presenting a disco fashion show, a one-act play and a cabaret singer in one evening at Bimbo's 365 Club, is an excellent one. Unfortunately, the fashion show fizzled; the one-act limped; and the singer's material was uninspiring.

Act One, FASHION FLASHES, paraded four models in fashions by High Gear on Castro and Duchesse Boutique on O'Farrell. The clothes were attractive enough,

despite the tags still hanging from them, and one of the models, Jamie Bemis — if the program was right — strutted her stuff with professional elegance. The male models, however, were less than dynamic, and there was no commentary whatsoever. Some clever, descriptive banter from a sharp-tongued MC would have lifted the experience tremendously.

Act Two fared even worse. Terrence McNally's play, NOON, about five people who meet at a loft in response to a series of newspaper sex ads, could have been hilarious, and indeed was when I first saw it on Broadway a good ten years ago. Unfortunately, none of the cast displayed any considerable acting talent and at times was downright embarrassing.

Denise Hargleroad and Company had a chance to save

the evening in Act Three. Denise has a fine voice of the Helen Reddy variety, and her company of three musicians played admirably. Her repertoire, however, included too much esoterica (an Irish ballad sung a capella; a Blossom Dearie favorite; something called "Monkey See, Monkey Do") which, by that time of the night, just didn't move me.

The evening's format, presented by Theatrics, a local talent agency, holds promise. The problem this time was in the talent and the presentation. Done right, an evening like NIGHTLIFE could be enormously entertaining. Try again, folks.

Mark Topkin

Film:

Escape From Alcatraz

AN "UN-THRILLER"

Based on the true story of three convicts' escape from "The Rock" in San Francisco Bay, this Clint Eastwood starrer offers us a true glimpse at the way inmates lived in Alcatraz. For two hours we get to share the absolute tedium of prison life. And since we know the final escape was a success and the trio that managed to find a way out was never found, the culminating escape scene — theoretically exciting — is anti-climactic.

Indeed, *ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ* suffers from a bland script and unusually mellow Don Siegel direction. Paramount Pictures could capitalize on the old Seven-Up soda commercial by calling this the "Un-Thriller."

The story, which takes two l-o-n-g hours to unfold, follows Frank Morris (Clint Eastwood) as he enters Alcatraz, meets the rather inhumane warden (Patrick McGeehan) and other inmates. Slowly he plans his escape from the supposedly inescapable prison. Finally, the escape is made. The prison is shut down a year later and reopened as a tourist attraction.

Eastwood continues his now famous laconic, non-acting method of acting but fortunately is surrounded by a grand bunch of character actors who ham up their predictable parts. Siegel, who directed the 50's *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *BABY-FACE NELSON* and *RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11*, is famous for a stark, spare style of direction. In *ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ* he's outdone himself. It's about as lean as a Bangladesh poster boy. Together with cinematographer Bruce Surtees, Siegel has obtained excellent lensing of Alcatraz from inside and out. In fact, the film, shot entirely on location at "The Rock," gives us a pretty good tour of the prison facility.

Then again, the Parks Dept. offers a \$2 tour complete with ferry ride in the bay. Considering the alternatives, take the tour if you want to see Alcatraz. Michael Lasky




Clint Eastwood whiles away his time in Paramount's *ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ*.



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OPERATION CONCERN

A COMMUNITY GAY MENTAL HEALTH PROJECT

Feature News -

**** Edition

No. 2, Summer-Fall, 1979

CIRCUS-CIRCUS '79

CALIFORNIA HALL,

SUNDAY JULY 15th

A MAJOR FUND RAISER FOR OPERATION CONCERN

OPERATION CONCERN PROGRAM

Operation Concern is an outpatient mental health program which provides clinical services, telephone information and referral to gay community services, training for lesbian and gay male mental health graduate students, community education and participation in research in the area of gay mental health. The services at OC are provided through the efforts of a team of gay male and lesbian mental health professionals. The staff consists of 5% full time equivalent paid clinical and telephone volunteers. This small group provides between 450-500 hours of service each month and still finds the demand for counseling exceeding clinical time available.

Clinical services represent 80% of the OC program effort and are provided within the framework of four program areas: services to people and their families and services to ethnic minorities. Intake is the usual point of entry for OC services. All clients except persons in crisis enter OC through a pre-scheduled intake appointment. During this approximately 50 minute session the client's problems are discussed and a plan to meet the client's needs is developed.

From this point the client may enter counseling in one or more of the core service areas. This core consists of Individual, Group, Couple/Mediation, and Family counseling. If an appropriate OC counselor has an opening in

At 12 noon on Sunday, July 15th the doors to California Hall at 625 Polk Street will open for best-attended gay functions held in the city.

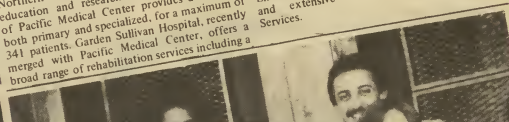
Each year, individuals, businesses and organizations rent the approximately 40 available booths, decorate them in circus theme, and use them to sell a wide variety of products ranging from handicrafts to antiques. In addition, there are always game booths and food booths for those who like to play or eat. And for those who wish to dance, "The Third Ring Disco" will be set up in a room adjoining the main auditorium. Mixed drinks, beer and soft drinks will be available at the bar.

For several weeks prior to July 15th, candidates for the titles of Mr. & Ms. Circus-Circus have been busy selling raffle tickets. This annual fund raising event for Operation Concern has become one of the win the titles for one year. Last year's four Circus-Circus candidates raised an excess of \$15,000.00.

PACIFIC MEDICAL CENTER AFFILIATION

Pacific Medical Center is a private, non-profit health care institution serving San Francisco and Northern California through health care, education and research. Presbyterian Hospital of Pacific Medical Center provides acute care, both primary and specialized, for a maximum of 341 patients. Garden Sullivan Hospital, recently merged with Pacific Medical Center, offers a broad range of rehabilitation services including a skilled nursing facility, physical rehabilitation, alcoholism treatment, adult day health care, and learning disabilities program for children. There are also a number of other services at Pacific Medical Center, including Outpatient Clinics, Emergency Unit, Occupational Health Program, and extensive Community Mental Health Services.

INSIDE



Sunday, July 15 • noon to 8 p.m.

CIRCUS-CIRCUS '79

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Film: The Main Event Lost and Found

TWO ROMANTIC
COMEDIES WITH THE
SAME PLOTS

THE MAIN EVENT with Streisand and O'Neal and LOST AND FOUND with Jackson and Segal are basically interchangeable films that follow the same formulas for their plot undulations and laugh extricators.

Both have two fabulously talented actresses and two boring performances by their male co-stars.

In THE MAIN EVENT, it is obvious from the beginning that this is Streisand's picture. It is her showcase, and anyone that doesn't like it can argue with her producers (Don Peters and Barbra Streisand).

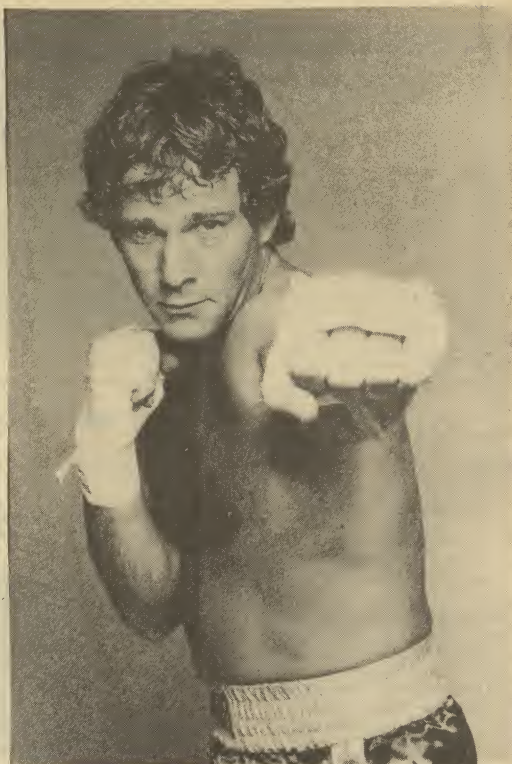
But really, Babs, don't you overdo it a bit? In every scene in which Streisand appears, she forces upon us just how cutesy, sexy, and darling she can be. Everything is calculated. Her frizzy Little Orphan Annie hair is lighted just so; her ragamuffin outfits complement even the wallpaper. She dominates every scene with O'Neal. Is this what they mean by the term "a woman's picture?"

Ryan O'Neal, who was pretty good in his first Streisand flick, WHAT'S UP DOC?, is totally ineffectual here. He has no comedy timing nor, for that matter, any "stage presence." He is merely a straight man for Barbra — literally her whipping boy.

But, folks, Patti D'Arbanville as O'Neal's bigmouth girlfriend all but steals the picture. This woman is truly funny and delivers every line she has in a way to guarantee laughs aplenty.

Apparently writers Gail Parent and Andrew Smith were trying to duplicate the grand screwball comedies of the 30's and 40's. Well, it's a nice idea anyway but let's just say that with the force known as Streisand around, the best you could hope for is a screwy comedy. The story revolves around perfume executive Streisand getting O'Neal to fight for her since his boxing contract is all that her business manager didn't embezzle. They hate each other, of course, which means that at the end they can't live without each other. They throw in the towel on any money to be made and settle for, I assume, poverty and connubial bliss.

Not surprisingly, Glenda Jackson and George Segal in LOST AND FOUND hate each other in the beginning and by the end are married and can't live without each other. There is no connection to the title of the picture and its plot except that about halfway through the credibility and intelligence are lost and never found again. As in the Streisand movie, Jackson and Segal are more or less forced upon each other — and us — and make do until they



Ryan O'Neal in Barbra Streisand's prize-fighting film THE MAIN EVENT is "totally ineffectual" says B.A.R. film critic Michael Lasky.



George Segal teams up again with Glenda Jackson in LOST AND FOUND. Their previous capacity to spark fire fizzles this time around.

discover that they have a mutual obnoxiousness making them compatible. Jackson, of course, acts up a whirlwind while Segal flounders. Maureen Stapleton picks up a fat paycheck here, also, as Segal's mother — a fundy Jewish mother type who runs a "Subversive Bookstore" in Greenwich Village. And in case this bit of cuteness isn't enough, we are handed a verbose transplanted New York City cabbie (Paul Sorvino) to whom Jackson suggests a piece of advice the whole movie could have used: "SHUT UP!"

What differentiates these two movies from any episode of, say, TV's "Love Boat," is its stars. Without them, LOST AND FOUND and THE MAIN EVENT are strictly mundane television type fare.

But with TV, you can at least change the channel.

Michael Lasky

Accosted? Don't blow your cool — blow your whistle.

Stage: Comedy Tonight

A mixed bag of laughs from the One Act Theatre Co. Four plays which run the gamut from high to low comedy are this season's final presentation and meet with varied success.

Jules Feiffer's **SUPERMAN** opens the evening and is the weakest of the set. This mini-play (it lasts no longer than ten minutes) centers on the question of the masculinity of the man who runs around in blue tights and a red cape. Unfortunately, neither Allan Gebhardt as Superman nor Jean Schiffman as the questioning woman whom he rescues from a mugger could tread Feiffer's fine line between cartoon and reality, though Mark Todd as the mugger was right on target.

The actors in **THE DOCK BRIEF** by John Mortimer fared far better in a more thorough play. This comedy set in England involves an inept barrister in preparation for defending an all-too-guilty wife murderer. The fun is all in the dialogue as the barrister and his client act out a series of potential lines of defense. Both Nick Eldredge as the prisoner and Tom Lynch as the barrister are excellent, and Mortimer's dialogue pokes fun at marriage and the entire legal system.

The third production of the evening was my favorite. The company played Edward Albee's **THE SANDBOX** strictly for laughs, encouraging the total absurdity of it all. The story, about a husband and wife who set her aged, babbling mother in a sandbox to die, is often buried under a heavily-handed symbolic approach. Played simply for its absurdity, **THE SANDBOX** makes its statement while drawing considerable laughter from the audience. The performances are uniformly excellent, and Mark Todd as The Young Man is pretty to look at as well.

The final offering was a surprise to me. I didn't know that George Bernard Shaw had ever written absurdist comedy. His **PASSION, POISON AND PETRIFACTION** (why do I think he wrote the play because he loved the alliterative title) is an absurd bedroom farce. Relying heavily on physical comedy with a plot too complicated to explain, the play is nonetheless an entertaining finale to the foursome. The large cast, including a choir of invisible angels who break into "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey" at appropriate moments, seems to be having a ball, and though the point of it all was lost to me, I laughed nonetheless.

Though not as satisfying as many of OATCO's other sets of one-acts, this group of plays does display the wide range of comic possibilities in theater and manages to keep the audience consistently amused. **COMEDY TONIGHT** runs Thursdays through Sundays at the Showcase, on Mason off Geary. Call 421-6162 for information and reservations.

Mark Topkin

Haight Mural

The Haight Community Food Store is planning a mural project to beautify the front of the store. Volunteer artists and community people are needed to help with the theme, design, and painting of a mural for panels to be installed above the store. Help is also needed for fundraising, publicity, and documentation of the project.

CETA artist Arch Williams, member of the Creative Specialists Program and sponsored by the Haight Ashbury Arts Workshop, will coordinate the project. Stop by the Food Store at 1465 Haight (between Masonic & Ashbury) for more information.



COMEDY TONIGHT, One-Act Theatre Company's latest offering now at the Showcase Theatre.

Women Only Concert

Saturday, July 7, a Women's Dance/Concert with the Berkeley Women's Music Collective and Chevere, a women's salsa/samba band, will be held as a benefit sponsored by Lesbian Schoolworkers.

This event will be held in the Women's Bldg., 3543 18th St. in San Francisco, 9PM to 1AM. \$3.50 - \$7.00 at the door. Wheelchair accessible.

Call 652-3330, ext. 392, by July 5 for reservations for child care and rides for disabled women. **Women Only!**

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Tales of Tessa Tura

Madness Takes Its Toll

by George Heymont

I adore operatic mad scenes. Trills, runs, roudades and arpeggios — I sprinkle them on my cereal and gobble them up! I can think of no sweeter moment than watching some operatic crazy lady diving down the stairs as she loses her marbles onstage. Those mad scenes once helped me through a tender moment in my life. At 18, the only thing which kept me from being carded every time I stepped foot inside an adult bookstore was the fact that I was furiously whistling every bel canto mad scene I could think of. The poor thug at the cash register must have figured I was out of my mind. He happily let me amuse myself in front of the smut racks while I gave the dirty old men in the store a healthy dose of Bellini and Donizetti! Kinky stuff!

Mad scenes don't show up that often in modern music, however. Two recent world premieres (both originally written for the talents of Beverly Sills) promised some juicy displays of madness. The final goods were indeed fascinating. I try to avoid the first performance of a new opera because there is so much pressure on the cast. I prefer later performances in the initial run. At that point the opera has had a chance to find itself onstage, and the cast has had time to work their way into the mood of the piece. I strongly feel that any new work should be heard at least twice in order to obtain a fair hearing. It is hard to grasp what you are experiencing the first time around and expect to make any kind of sound, or even rational, judgment. Too often the press tries to instantly categorize a work as either too traditional, derivative of another composer, or worse, if it is too modern, they might brand it as inaccessible to listeners. Neither could be further from the truth. Each work needs to be judged by its own standards.

I JUANA HOLD YOUR HAND

Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera, *LA LOCA*, caused a great stir at its premiere in San Diego. Much of the excitement focused on whether or not Menotti would finish scoring the opera in time for opening night. The composer was met at the airport, escorted to his hotel, and told to keep writing. The last pages of orchestrations were delivered at the dress rehearsal (a hair-raising way to prepare for a world premiere). There are still moments in the score when one hears two pianos and the sketchwork of Menotti's dreams. The music has its moments, but seems to have been composed in a rag-tag, patchwork fashion, as if assembled in fits and spurts.

Menotti fashioned a watertight libretto for *LA LOCA* that is a five-hankie tear-jerker. The saga of Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella and heir to the throne of Castile, is the sad tale of a woman mad with love who is persecuted and degraded by her husband, father and son in their attempts to steal her crown. Menotti's libretto is so dramatically juicy that one almost wishes he had assigned the music to someone else. If the opera is ever truly completed, it will be a tender piece of musical theater. At present it sorely lacks musical bridges where Menotti simply ran out of time.

The evening was a dramatic triumph for Beverly Sills, who used a part of her voice she has rarely explored before — a coarse, spoken moan; the sound of a broken animal and a broken heart. In her final moments, Juana sarcastically asks her priest, Miguel, if God's love is real, crying, "I once believed in the Trinity, and they turned out to be the devil in disguise. Does God covet my crown, too?" Sills was villainously stalked by John Brocheler in the three roles of husband,

father and son, and Robert Hale as the Bishop of Toledo, both powerfully dramatic singers. Susanne Marsee, Carlos Chausson and Joseph Evans lent sturdy support in smaller roles.

LA LOCA builds in intensity toward a finale of devastating impact as Juana, after 30 years in a dark prison cell, dies covered with sores, surrounded by rats and vermin. At present few people expect the opera to survive past Sills' performances in the role, but I disagree. I'll bet that by 1982, after finishing a string of performances as Lady Macbeth at the Met, Renata Scotto is willing to tackle *LA LOCA*. As a performing vehicle, it is a plum.

SCREAM THEATER IN A CROWDED FIRE

Dominick Argento's new opera, *MISS HAVISHAM'S FIRE* was originally written for Sills, too. But with her new management duties at the NYCO and time laying heavy demands on her schedule, Sills backed out. By the time I saw the work at its last performance stringent cuts had been made. The opera was a breathtaking piece of musical theater, capped by a staggering performance from soprano Rita Shane as the demented Aurelia Havisham. The opera is structured as a series of vignettes as each character reveals his own interpretation of Miss Havisham's death in a mysterious fire. Alan Titus as Pip, and Susanne Marsee as Estella did some of their best work to date.



Still clad in the wedding gown she wore 50 years ago when she was jilted by her lover, a demented Aurelia Havisham (Rita Shane) broods over the cruelty of men in *MISS HAVISHAM'S FIRE*, Dominick Argento's new work which received its world premiere this spring with the New York City Opera.

The tragedy here is that

But the show belonged to Rita Shane, who earned the Kon-Tiki Endurance Award for surviving one of the most brutally demanding mad scenes ever thrust on a soprano. Her performance was a tour de force of operatic madness, one of the great moments to grace the stage of the State Theatre. Argento's opera is the first new work I have ever seen that I instantly liked at first hearing. It is a lyrical, tender opera which moves along with such innate theatricality that one at first doesn't realize how cleanly the opera is building toward its finale — that 20-minute orgy of madness capped by Miss Havisham telling Estella, "Now let's have some tea, and I'll tell you all about men!"

Oddly enough, Miss Havisham's fate once again rests in the hands of Beverly Sills, but this time in her position as Director of the NYCO. Argento is planning revisions on the piece. The opera aches for a second hearing. It would be a mistake of criminal proportions if Sills were to let the work slide into oblivion. Once it has received its final finishing touches, it will be a beautiful opera, indeed.

PIE IN THE SEWER

There aren't many mad scenes written for men. The leader of the pack is the monologue for Peter Grimes in Benjamin Britten's opera. But the last few minutes of Sondheim's SWEENEY TODD contain a brilliantly constructed mad scene for Tobias (Ken Jennings) that is every bit as chilling as any one of Lucia di Lammermoor's party-crashing stunts or Lady Macbeth's midnight excursions. Starting with his emergence from the sewer and the stirring "Patty cake, Patty cake, bake me a cake. . ." it is three minutes of awesome brilliance that should not be missed (even if there are no trills). It is so beautifully lit and staged that it becomes a great moment of stage artistry elevated above the already stratospheric level of the rest of SWEENEY TODD. It's the kind of operatic madness that makes an operagoer lick his chops with delight. Don't miss it!

George Heymont



Having been jailed for years because she refused to abdicate, a tearful Juana (Beverly Sills) must bid farewell to her daughter Catalina in Menotti's new opera, LA LOCA, as performed by the San Diego Opera.

Fine Arts Pavilion Added To Castro Fair

A new addition to the Castro Street Fair, A Fine Arts Pavilion, will provide local artists an area to display and sell their work.

The Fair will be held during the third week in August. Those painters, sculptors, performance artists, body artists and photographers who are interested should contact Mr. Frank Pietronigro by sending a letter of interest to 122 Guerrero St. #2, SF 94103, or call 552-7996.

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B.A.R. READERS POLL RESULTS

FOR MAYOR

Carol Ruth Silver	143
Milton Marks	58
Quentin Kopp	25
Dianne Feinstein	24
Others	23

FOR D.A.

Arlo Smith	199
Carol Ruth Silver	31
Bart Lee	13
Milton Marks	12
Joe Freitas	5
Others	3

Two immediate conclusions can be drawn: B.A.R. respondents are overwhelmingly opposed to the incumbents, 10 to 1 against Feinstein and a shocking 36 to 1 against Joe Freitas. B.A.R. readers prefer Carol Ruth Silver for Mayor and Arlo Smith for District Attorney by wide margins.

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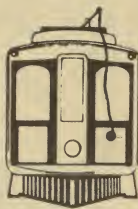
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by Adam Block

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- 4 - This Side of Paradise
- 3 - Worthy Work
- 2 - Hard Core Fans Only
- 1 - Crime Against Vinyl

LIFE IN THE FOODCHAIN, Tonio K. (Epic)

Roaring out of Fresno, like a blowtorch fueled with nitrous oxide, comes this maniacal songwriter — an invigorating hair more twisted than Warren Zevon. Mr. K celebrates panic with outlandish wit. Scarcity and chaos are his sidekicks; promises of both material and emotional deprivation. The title tune puts the cutlery on the table. "Everybody's hungry and there isn't quite enough," he crows — white-knuckled and grinning. Stoking up the party, he kicks in a new dance craze, "The Funky Western Civilization," — "just grab your partner by the hair/throw her down and leave her there."

The lp closes with the touching ballad "Hatred." Mr. K takes the first verse (reflecting on lost love) acoustic; in a voice mid-way between the wry agony of Loudon Wainwright and the whimsy of Jonathan Richman. As the band punches in like an elephant gun, his vocal explodes mid-way between Boris "Monster Mash" Pickett and Johnny Rotten. Veering into bedlam, he howls, "I know I'm acting immature/I'm acting like a child. . . And yes, I wish I was as mellow/as for instance Jackson Browne/but 'fountain of sorrow,' my ass."

The Toons Take to 'The City'

Bring "harmony" and sparkle into your evening by catching the premiere engagement of THE TOONS at THE CITY SHOWROOM. A four night only date, July 11-14, with shows at 9 and 11PM.

This popular San Francisco based vocal group has been wowing audiences from The Boarding House to the Hyatt Regency with their snappy renditions of the songs you remember best and some you may have never heard before. With a repertoire from barber-shop quartet to rock n' roll, THE TOONS match the sophisticated harmonies of Manhattan Transfer with the light-hearted harmonies of the Beach Boys. The San Francisco Council on Entertainment honored THE TOONS this year as Outstanding Musical Group.

Some men have got it . . . and some men would like to get it. So move it . . . with a B.A.R. classified.

motherfucker/I hope you wind up int eh ground."

This is one crazed cowboy heading up the horses of the Apocalypse. The studio band who back the record are adequate.

RATING: 4+



The Toons premiere at The City, July 11-14.

Operetta: G&S's UTOPIA

STILL SWEET
AND SECOND RATE

Gilbert & Sullivan's final collaboration, UTOPIA (LIMITED) is a rarely-seen work. It is aptly subtitled THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS, and depicts the gross strains forced on a previously inane and happily pagan civilization by the "advances" of corporate business savvy and England's legal doubletalk. The Lamplighters recently unveiled a new production of the work, which was sumptuously designed by Richard Battle and John Gilkerson. Although the evening looks wonderful, and is indeed entertaining, something is missing. That, alas, is the tightness and wit of Gilbert & Sullivan, themselves.

UTOPIA (LIMITED) was written after G&S had had a three-year rift following a disagreement over a rug. The chemistry that kept their previous works tight is noticeably absent in UTOPIA. The show often sputters around looking for a direction, and when they can't find one, G&S smugly take to parodying themselves with references to the Mikado of Japan and other characters from previous operettas. The in jokes are even a bit strained for ardent Sayovard fans. Gilbert's savage wit is still there to attack the "progress of modern society" with both barrels. Sullivan's music is pleasant, but not up to the usual fare.

The performance was given its best by the Lamps, particularly Eric Morris as Captain Fitzbattleaxe, in a ragingly funny solo about the problems of a tenor who can't perform on



"Inflation has struck the Lamplighters, so from now on you'd better bring your own cookies for after the show." King Paramount (Leland Morine) exerts his newfound corporate power in Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta UTOPIA (LIMITED).

cue. Stud-fright in the vocal cords apparently causes more than poetic problems!

UTOPIA is interesting to watch, though, to see how G&S might have appeared without their great merging of talent. The work is decidedly secondary to the rest of their output. One so rarely gets a chance to see it, though, that the Lamps must be congratulated for devoting time to this production. The opera is beautiful to look, with a sense of an ending period of innocence, not only for the inhabitants of Utopia, but perhaps, also for Gilbert & Sullivan as the turn of the century issued in another era of operetta. Some of Gilbert's barbs at "civilized society" still hold their water, but alas, the work as a whole, lacks direction (not onstage, but in the concept and execution). It's like watching a murder mystery that has been untidily patched together. There are too many loose ends to make it believable. But it is still sweet and endearing.

George Heymont

Gay Concert: Amazing Grace

Music is a powerful weapon with which to confront the forces of political oppression. Last month the Pope traipsed off to Poland. By singing his native songs to the people of his homeland, he managed to pull the rug out from under the feet of the Communist regime. The joy and emotionalism instilled in the people by sharing his music can never be erased from the hearts and minds of those who participated.

On June 22, an event of similar impact took place at a Gay Musical Celebration at Grace Cathedral. The cathedral's gothic arches reverberated to the sound of homosexual men and women making music and sharing their joy in that music with the throngs in attendance. It was an event of significant importance. Ten years after the Stonewall riots, the cathedral (which stands at the City's mightiest monument to organized religion) was offering its hall to a minority persecuted by religious forces throughout the ages. It was a welcome from the staff of Grace Cathedral which was received with open hearts, understanding, and joy. John Renke even got to finger the church's mighty organ for the listening delight of the audience.

It was an event of strong impact on local politicians. A vote-hungry Dianne Feinstein took time out from her 46th birthday party to make a special appearance and deliver a trump card to the Gay community. She apologized to two Gay British tourists for their mishandling and the insensitivity of the Department of Immigration upon their arrival in San Francisco. Think of it: The mayor of a major American city took a Federal agency to task in a public statement under the roof of a gothic cathedral for the Fed's mistreatment of two homosexuals. What an

amazing step in the process of raising the consciousness of politicians to the struggle for Gay rights!

The concert itself included selections familiar to the audience from previous performances by the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus. The sounds produced were fine, but they were severely hindered by the acoustics within the cathedral (which bounced echos back and forth). The chorus hit home with a strong rendition of BEHOLD MAN, and a marvelous delivery of MY BUDDY. The Varsity Drag brought down the house with a new arrangement of IN THE MOOD. Finally, the chorus LET THE SUNSHINE IN on a house of worship filled with Gay men and women.

The power of music to capti-

vate an audience is staggering. Whether playing the theme from SUPERMAN, or Gershwin's STRIKE UP THE BAND, the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band sends an electric thrill through any crowd. People love marching bands. There is a special tingle and glow which accompanies the schmaltz and corn of big band

arrangements; especially when it is played well. It almost makes you rot your garters!

Whether it be the head of an organized religion tackling the forces of Communist oppression, or the musicians of the Gay community performing on the sacred grounds of organized religion, the effect is the

same. Music is perhaps the greatest equalizer of all; I stress it again and again. It brings joy and love to everyone — there can never be enough of that. And just as when Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, those walls come a-tumbling down!!

George Heymont

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**Film:
Newsfront**

NEWSFRONT is so full of engaging enthusiasm and balances itself so well between the fictional storyline and the factual newsreels that the fictional characters are supposedly making that we can't help but like it even if we are occasionally bored or confused.

Director Philip Noyce has taken actual newsreel footage from the late 40's and early 50's — when TV encroached on the newsreel business and was its death knell — and combined it with a story about the men and women who selflessly produced the news footage.

While the film occasionally

lapses into a sketchy unclarity as it skips from year to year, and black and white to color, we are able to glean the parochial simplicity of the early 50's when religion counted in personal lives more seriously than it seems to today. The story concerns the employees of Cinetone who find the competition of Newsco with its near monopoly of overseas footage heavy enough to turn to total Australian news from elections to singing dog acts.

The complications of politics and its effects on newspeople in the beginning of the cold war age are counterpointed against the trivial footage of a motor race across the Australian continent.

We follow the newsmen on the road. We follow them to their not quite successful home life. We see the oppression of competent women by company men. We see the repression of Catholicism and how it dissolves one marriage and forces another couple into marriage.

The outstanding highlight of the film is when the two newsmen we've been following, Len and Chris, cover the Maitland floods. Chris goes beyond the call of duty and helps deliver some urgently needed penicillin. On the way back from the delivery, a torrent overturns his boat, and he is carried to his drowning death. When the dramatic footage is shown at the newsreel theater, donations are collected for his widow, a young girl he impregnated and was only recently forced to marry.

Noyce has stunningly combined real and new interlacing footage to make the fiction fact.

It is now eight years from the beginning of the story. Newsreels are almost dead because of Television, now a powerful medium in 1956. Len, about to resign from the almost extinct business, is asked to cover the Melbourne Olympic Games by the now merged Cinetone and Newsco. While shooting the water polo match between Russia and the recently invaded Hungary, a rough fight occurs. Len captures it all. He's offered \$50,000 for the film for use as anti-Communist propaganda. A principled newsmen to the end, he refuses.

This is a romantic vision of the reporter — indeed, the whole film is a paean to a simpler time. The ads for the film properly sum it up: "They lived, died, laughed, and loved behind a newsreel camera."

Michael Lasky

**Stage:
Beyond The
Fringe**

Some things improve with age. Others just deteriorate.

Coming on the wave of Britain-mania of the 60's perhaps best represented by the Beatles and Peter Sellers, BEYOND THE FRINGE, despite some feebly updated material,



NEWSFRONT — "they lived, died, laughed, and loved behind a newsreel camera." A likeable film.

shows its age all too plainly.

British humor, of course, is always more adroit than our own. The humor in FRINGE depends too much on a knowledge (even caring) about the politics of the "Empire." Dull as it is.

Nonetheless, the show was given a pithy and spiffy workout by its four principals — Patrick Monckton, Peter John, John Dennis and Trevor T. Smith — at the Marine's Memorial Theater recently. Naturally, being in San Francisco, jokes were added to reflect the environment — including the Gay community. This was most evident in the final episode entitled "The End Of The World" wherein some highly stereotypical jibes were made about the supposedly straight performers' experiences on Castro Street, all too tired to describe.

Additionally, an earlier skit apparently carried over from the original FRINGE concerned a Gay photographer and three male models working up an ad. And, funny as it seemed in its light-hearted poke-fun essence, it still portrayed Gay men as vain and nelly little creatures not quite human. Only humorous. Not up-to-date. Sorry.

There is also the necessary reference to Anita Bryant describing her as a "liberal" in America's mish-moshy political party system. Once again, ancient history; not terribly funny, chaps.

There were other laughs. Of course. Britishers adore funning themselves. But I'm sure it worked a lot better ten or fifteen years ago with the original cast. All in all, this production of BEYOND THE

FRINGE struck me as more of a theatrical oddity out of the past than an hilarious entertainment for today. Therefore, these four talented fellows should find themselves more reasonable material and bury the FRINGE.

Ray P. Comeau

**Film:
Prophecy
LOUSY FORECASTS**

John Frankenheimer is the distinguished director of PROPHECY. He has a long list of fine film credits including THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, SEVEN DAYS IN MAY, GRAND PRIX, THE FIXER and THE ICEMAN COMETH. These are films to be remembered. PROPHECY is a film to forget — quickly. It is billed as a monster movie, but its monster, a mutation brought on by ecological assault, is not scary, just ugly. Everything about this movie is easy to predict except the cop-out ending which doesn't match the advertising. The ending is so dumb that the audience screams a royal "BOO" and leaves the theater mumbling "rip-off."

The story concerns a lumber company (the baddies) which is dumping methylmercury into the river. This is causing ecological disaster in the forest that the local tribe of Indians claims is theirs. Robert Foxworth is sent as a public-spirited researcher on behalf of the Environmental Protection Agency. He brings along his wife played by Talia Shire.

She is pregnant but can't tell her husband because he's against bringing kids into an

overpopulated world. Soon he discovers that the mercury poisoning has ruined the wildlife and the Indians. Weird mutations and crazy animal behavior prove that the lumber company should be prevented from further use of the land. But too late. Talia has eaten the poisoned fish hubbie caught before his discovery. She knows she's going to give birth to a monster.

So far the detective work seeking out the misdeeds of the lumber company have proved engrossing. Then we get the real monsters, giant Godzilla mutant creatures. The baddies get their comeuppance and the good guys (the Indians and Foxworth-Shire) also get an angry run for their lives. But this monster is merely ugly in the Halloween mask boogiemaniac way. It wreaks havoc but doesn't give us the goosebumps that the creature in ALIEN does. The characters are made out to be so stupid that we have no sympathy for them.

Of course in films of this genre, we allow for a certain amount of idiocy, but these guys are so grossly unintelligent

that they are better off dead. When the audience starts rooting for the monster, you know the movie is in trouble. And actually so is the audience.

Prophecy: you will not like this film.

Michael Lasky

Books

An Affirmation Anthology

by Frank Howell

Positively Gay: New Approaches in Gay Life
Edited by Betty Berzon and Robert Leighton
Celestial Arts - \$4.95 - Paperback

"Gay is good, Gay is beautiful" goes the current refrain, but we seldom pause long enough to ask how this is sung. Where is the practical, nuts and bolts approach on how to live the fulfilling, everyday Gay life?

Positively Gay will pry us out of our rut and get us to thinking about these important issues. This bright and refreshing collection of up-to-the-minute articles challenges Gays to develop a strong identity and

begin to tackle concrete problems. "Achieving Success As A Gay Couple," by Betty Berzon, is especially perceptive. Berzon, a Gay therapist in private practice, points out that special adjustments must be made by couples because of the male-male, female-female combination. Men are conditioned to compete with each other and therefore emotional closeness can be difficult to achieve. Lesbians, in contrast, are geared to live as home-

people in this quarter of our community.

Probably the most hard-headed advice can be found in "Gay Issues in Financial Planning" by Ronald Jacobson. Mr. Jacobson discusses property ownership, pension plans, social security and the making of a will. The will situation cannot be overemphasized. We all know the sad tale of the lover who neglected to leave a will. The relatives move in and legally proceed to take all the property and leave the surviving spouse with nothing.

Social Security is one area where Gays feel the lash of society's discrimination. Only relatives in the immediate family are allowed to inherit the money left by a deceased lover. The other Gay survivor receives nothing. The primary family rules the roost in this area. This is why many individuals would prefer to have their retirement funds invested in a private pension plan rather

A B.A.R. classified ad pays off. Don't believe us... call any one of the numbers and ask.

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THE OPEL OPUS

The ad in B.A.R.'s last issue read: "What would happen if a queer, gay, homosexual, pervert, cocksucker, faggot shot and killed an ex-cop... Would he get away with murder? Robert Opel and Theatre Rhinoceros invite you to a Pseudo Event: 'The Execution of Dan White,' High Noon, United Nations Plaza, June 24, 1979."

June 24, of course, was the Gay Freedom Day Parade. Robert Opel, of course, is the owner of Fey Way Gallery on Howard Street, perhaps best remembered for his buck-naked backup performance of David Niven at the Academy Awards some few years back.

Well, Bob Opel's "Event" did go on, though few there caught it since it was done in a flash. For good reason. Opel made a serious mistake: He tried to borrow a cop's uniform as a costume for his show. He asked an old friend, Robert Dunn, who happens to have been Chief of Security for the Gay Freedom Day Parade. Dunn asked what for. Dunn claims Opel told him he planned to "dress a man up like Dan White and shoot him." Dunn told the Parade Steering Committee. The Committee said: That's a No-No! Dunn told Opel he had three choices: Don't appear as announced; appear and be escorted off by monitors; refuse to be escorted off and have the police called in. Opel did none of the above. His "Event" went on as scheduled, in front of several cameras and likely some very startled spectators. It was just a little more rushed than he'd planned.

Opel claims a female monitor did try to prevent the performance, unsuccessfully. He claims Theatre Rhinoceros was "intimidated" into withdrawing its support. Theatre Rhino's Allan Estes states his group withdrew support due to "individual flak" and had no "intimidating" phone calls from anyone on the Parade Committee.

So what's the beef? Opel's is that his artistic integrity was maligned and his right to free speech was violated. Dunn claims "Fuckin' A!" (direct quote), that he felt Opel's "Event" was "inflammatory" and not suited to a celebration. He said Opel should have been locked up the night before. He felt that Opel had a "moral responsibility" not to perform inasmuch as he might "incite a riot." Did he? B.A.R. asked. No, Dunn admitted.

Since others in the "celebration" addressed remarks and held signs that had direct "inflammatory" reference to the Dan White verdict, including Carol Ruth Silver who told the crowd "Dan White is a murderer," B.A.R. asked Security Chief Dunn if anyone else had been threatened with arrest or prevented from speaking on the grounds that they might incite a riot. No, said Mr. Dunn.

Anybody want to address the question of "abuse of power?"

Ray P. Comeau

Positively Gay

New Approaches
in Gay Life to:

Family Relationships
Mental Health
Religion
Coupling
Aging
Job Security
Financial Planning
Political Organizing
And More

Editors
Betty Berzon, Ph.D.
Robert Leighton

Gay Rights Advocates will receive part of the proceeds from book sales of Betty Berzon and Robert Leighton's anthology "Positively Gay," Sunday, July 8, 3-6pm, at Castro Street's Paperback Traffic.

bodies and they can become overdependent on each other.

Berzon outlines an item by item contract which couples can use to strengthen their everyday operations. She also suggests that lovers learn how to fight fairly as a means of tension release.

Here we also find articles on parents of Gays, being a Gay father or Lesbian mother, and how to tell the family you don't plan to marry the girl next door.

Attention is finally paid to the problem of Gay senior citizens and how the community can begin to interact with them. (The Older Lesbian by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon and Adjustments to Ageing Among Gay Men by Douglas Kimmel) The latter section points out that bereavement counseling for the surviving lover is now being recognized as an essential service to

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than Social Security. Under this situation you can leave these funds to anyone. At present, only civil service employees have the option of dropping out of the Social Security System and converting to a private plan. All others are trapped in a grossly unfair system. This is another homophobic issue that needs correcting by writing to your congressman.

Another article not to be overlooked is "Job Security For Gays," by Donald Knutson, who presents the relevant facts about fighting for your civil rights when the homophobic

boss decides to fire you. Knutson also considers military discharges and government security clearances.

The anthology concludes with a detailed discussion guide for those wishing to present educational programs about Gay life for community groups.

Positively Gay is published by Celestial Arts, a small firm located in Millbrae. They also produce books on homosexuality by Don Clark, a noted Gay therapist.

Frank J. Howell

ing Corps and the Los Angeles Great American Yankee Band was outstanding, with the crowd begging for more.

UPSET

The undefeated Cafe Flore was upset by San Jose 18-9 in a G.S.L. make-up game this past Sunday, leaving the Vagabond the only undefeated team in the Gay Softball League as the playoffs begin for the championship and a trip to the Gay World Series in Milwaukee this fall.

Mark Brown

GGBA Publishes Buyer's Guide

The Golden Gate Business Association (GGBA) Buyer's Guide/Directory Spring 1979 is now available.

Executive Secretary Kim Cortright announced that the Directory is to be found at all member places of business in a convenient display container. He encourages the public to pick one up and to support the member businesses.

The Buyer's Guide is designed to assist people who want to buy products or services from predominantly Gay businesses. There are listings for such firms as construction companies and computer consultants, house painters and haircutters, printers and plumbers, restaurants and real estate firms — and many additional categories. The publication also contains other sections providing a telephone directory of listed members and a directory of community service organizations.

Formed in 1974, the Golden Gate Business Association is the largest Gay business organization in the nation and welcomes Gay men and women and their non-Gay business

partners who are in agreement with the goals of GGBA. The Association exists to promote and strengthen member businesses and to improve the Bay Area community in general. In addition to its monthly meetings and seminars, GGBA sponsors various fund-raising events to benefit non-profit Gay groups which the Association's membership feels are worthy of support. GGBA also works cooperatively with other Gay and non-Gay organizations in support of issues that parallel the thinking and goals of the Association.

A call to the Association at 956-8660 will provide names of member businesses where copies are available. GGBA also offers a free Telephone Referral Service, which provides the public the most up-to-date listing of specific member firms. The purpose of the Buyer's Guide and Telephone Referral Service, according to GGBA officers, is to keep buyer's dollars working in and for the Gay community.

Support a responsible Gay press. Subscribe to the B.A.R.

The B.A.R. — the paper of the people.

Flowers by Beverly

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Sports

Kezar Spectacular

Mark Brown

POSITION ROUND — A TIE

As the Tavern Guild Bowling League at Park Bowl has reached the half-way point of the summer season, we find the Twin Peaks and Pendulum Tigers tied for the lead with 19-11 won-lost records. One game back at 18-12 are On The Mark, Hot Meat & Warm Buns and Watering Hole with The Unmentionables close behind with a 17½-13½ record. In a very tight race only five games separate the top 15 teams of the 20-team league after the mid-season position round concluded.

G.C. BRIDGE

The monthly Chuck Demmon Gay Community Bridge Tournament will take place Saturday, July 14, at The Mint. This will conclude the regular monthly series with the championship final set for August. This month's proceeds will go to the Harvey Milk Debt Fund. For further information,

contact tournament coordinator Richard Colucci at 929-7684.

G.S.L. GREAT DAY

The Gay Softball League did itself proud and put on quite a show for our Gay community at Kezar Stadium with their sports spectacular as part of the Gay Freedom Week activities.

To the delight of the crowd of 5000, the G.S.L. All-Stars came from behind to whip the L.A. All-Stars 8-5. The highlight of the game was a triple play executed by the G.S.L. in the first inning.

In the F.L.A.M.E. game against the Fire Dept., the G.S.L. All-Stars were unable to generate much of an offense and with the help of some sloppy base running went down to a 7-3 defeat.

The performance by both the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirl-

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Southern Scandals

Apparently Mother Nature was not impressed with Gay Power and the day of the 8th Annual Gay Freedom Day Parade two Sundays ago dawned gray and cold. In spite of the inclement weather, Army ("Tales of, etc.") Maupin managed to keep a shivering crowd intact in front of City Hall with appropriate quips as the occasion called for. Pearl and the Kozmic Blues Band wailed out nostalgic rock tunes (eschewing the disco sound) and the co-chairs of the parade committee, Sabrina & Smitty, offered encouraging words of wisdom and insight. While the expected 300,000 faithful never materialized, the parade was a success and the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band again inspired many a Gay to stand tall with a real sense of pride and dignity. In spite of the weather, the enthusiasm was just not there. And it makes one wonder: is it only when Gays are backed up against a wall fighting a cause that they really "come out" in huge numbers? Was it the weather or just plain apathy?

(and congratulations to them all) are President, Larry Happ; Vice-Pres, Earl Grist; Secretary, Harry Olsen; Treasurer, Doug DeYoung and of course, Road Captain Chuck Rozema.

★ ★ ★

The 7th Annual Closet Ball a couple of weeks ago was another SRO event. Garnering some \$4,000 for the benefit of Operation Concern (the mental health program for Gay, by Gays, and staffed with Gays), Dowager Empress Flame and C.U.E., Inc. again pulled off another success. The contestants were, as usual, the macho-est of the macho when first presented to the audience and judges; but an hour later when they were turned out in HIGH drag for the first time in their lives, the audience roared their approval at the transformations, all apparitions in gowns that would make Calvin Klein, de la Renta and St. Laurent weep with unabashed envy. My congratulations to Flame, C.U.E., Inc., the contestants and EVERYONE who helped make it another huge success.

★ ★ ★

Chuck Rozema, Road Captain of the Recon M/C, announces that railroad buffs who also happen to be bikers are invited to attend their one-day run to the Bay Area Trolley Museum in Rio Vista on Sunday, July 15. The group will depart from the WATERING HOLE at 11AM on that date. Call KL 2-2890 for more info. Incidentally, the new officers

★ ★ ★

Details for the MR. FIRE IS-

If you're on the street after dark — Carry a whistle!



Jim Bataglia, who was featured in THE IDOL, now stars in Hand in Hand Films' GETTIN' DOWN, now at the Nob Hill.

LAND contest at the BRIG were revealed last week. Two age groups this time. On Wednesdays, July 11 & 25, ages 21 through 29 will compete. On Wednesdays, July 18 & August 1, ages 30 and over will compete. You must have a valid I.D. and be a resident of San Francisco. You must wear FULL leather — boots, pants or chaps, and a leather jacket or leather shirt. You must pose in a leather harness or leather trunks and be WITHOUT a pissy attitude. The final winner will be selected on Wednesday, Aug. 8. The winner will be decided between the two finalists in age group 21-29 and between the finalists in age group 30 & over. The winner will represent San Francisco in the Mr. Fire Island Contest in New York with airfare and expenses furnished by the BRIG. Good luck to the contestants! A final note: No nudity.

★ ★ ★

DOT, DOT, DOT, DISH...

The next Full Moon is Monday, July 9, so all bartenders be advised... Luscious Lorelei and Bob Golovich (both Spoon Award winners) were standing by the entrance at the Closet Ball when one of our more prominent dowagers swept in dressed to the nines in drag. Quipped Lorelei: "She's got so much tape on, she looks like the Empress of China," to which Golovich (naturally) agreed... While the SF bike clubs usually shun feminine titles, the LA counterparts are not so supine, and are now electing annually an Empress

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de Motorcycles. Local wags are wondering if Cam Solari, the new Miss GDI, is OUR answer to LA's new title? . . . The 7th Annual Spoon Awards are set for Nov. 18, so don't get caught NOT stirring; perhaps you'll be nominated like Alan Slizewski. What? You don't know who Alan Slizewski is? I think most of you know him as SUZIE of the Gangway. . .

UNCUT MEN WANTED AT THE TRENCH Tuesday Nites

Word is out that Bob Golovich is trying to buy the rights to the Closet Ball for \$2,000, but someone forgot to tell him that the selling price is only ONE DOLLAR if you're a charitable organization, and it's not for sale at the moment. . . South of Market's only TRUE royalty, Count Reynaldo del Fino (who went from fluff to tough by buying \$3,000 worth of leather and \$1,000 worth of dildoes) is back in town after his round the world "cruise" and gasps that he "just missed" the DC-10



that crashed and canceled his reservation on that other plane that was hi-jacked to Ireland. At the risk of sounding ethnocentric, that's what I call the luck of the spaghetti-benders!

They'll be crowning Emperor Eight on September 15 at the Japantown Theatre, but the tea that is bothering the only known aspirant, Chuck Demmon, is that a "secret" South of Market candidate will emerge with mucho macho power. Is it Lenny Mollet, Don Geist, Van Emon, Don P. of the Warlocks, John Blythe, or Mike Shiell of the Brig? And are you all in suspense? I didn't think so. Anyway, the Candidate Review Board meets on July 19, so you can all stop sweating after that.

NOW HEAR THIS! . . .

Mr. Cowboy Contest is set for Aug. 12 at OIL CAN HARRY'S, followed by a victory party at THE STALLION. If you haven't been to the Stallion yet, suggest you hike there and pronto. They have this neat banjo band that plays from 6 to 9:30 on Thursdays

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BOB'S BAZAAR JULY 5, 1979 PAGE 30

and from 4 to 9 on Sundays. If that's not enough, you can always kibitz with Chuck Goodman, Bill Bonney or Tacky Ruth — all guaranteed to keep you in fine spirits. . . Both the BLACK & BLUE and the BOOT CAMP are now PRIVATE clubs, but you'll have to check with THEM on membership prices and the amenities they'll offer if there EVER was any doubt in your minds. . . Febe's celebrated their 13th year of service to leather dudes, bike clubs and MEN on June 20 & 21 and well-wishers jammed the place for much merry-making and fun. . . Kelly Ellis of the LION PUB also threw a big bash to celebrate the 10th Anniversary of that Pacific Heights haven and best wishes for continued success to both places. . .

I don't want queendamonium to break out, but for those of you with J/O problems, understand a new column will be out in one of the local rags entitled: DEAR JACKIE, offering solutions to your handiwork problems. Are you reading this, Clinque? . . . The CENTURY THEATRE on Larkin held a preview party last Tuesday with champagne and hors d'oeuvres and Jerry Grasse entertaining direct from Las Vegas. You gotta catch the movie "GREASE MONKEYS" if only to feast your eyes on hot, hung and hunky star of the flick, Nick Rodgers. The theater is absolutely beautiful and a welcome addition to the scene. Check out the manager too — he's juicy!

MISTER MARCUS

Sweet Lips Sez

9th Hanging

by Dick Walters

Tony Nemger, G.S.L. Commissioner, you did a great job at Kezar. Glad we beat L.A. — it was a great triple play! Both Marching Bands were H-O-T! So was the F.L.A.M.E. team of the firemen — who won.

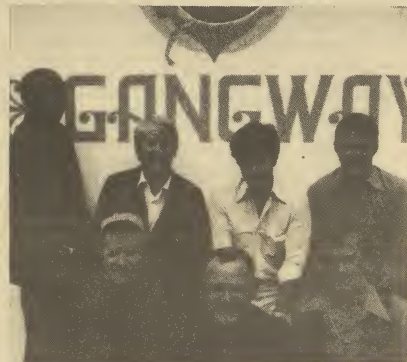
Have you seen Delores Dar Gavel Looney's new gold necklace!

The Tavern Guild Board elections are next Tuesday from Noon till 3PM at the Tavern Guild Office at 1550 California Street in the rear office. You must be a member to vote.

The *P.S. will be serving lunch on the 4th of July with the world-famous columnist, Dixon (Polk Street Sally) on the plank. . . When are you going to return my typewriter, Dixon? It took 15 months to get my TV back, so please don't take too long. (Typesetter's note: Hurry, Dixon! She hand wrote this column and I had to read it. Return her typewriter or come over and translate!)

Did you see Jack Coret at the Closet Ball. . . looked just ravishing in his emerald green gown.

Understand that Gary Abbott of the Gangway is into water



Black Beauty, John D. Ferguson, John Wise, Roger Hall, Gary Abbott, Gary Bailey, and Alan (Suzie) Slizewski.

sports. . . especially in the office.

Bob Patterson is at liberty — no longer at the Caravan Lodge. . . Greta thought about hiring him at Greta's Wooden Horse, but Greta has run out of "popcorn money."

Bob Cramer, chairperson of the Beaux Arts Ball, is currently on vacation in Fire Island. . . Don't forget my gift from Bloomingdale's, Bob.

Great Tavern Guild meeting at The Pines — also good food and a really great show. . . Thank you, Lou and Tom.

The "9's" on Powell St. has a fantastic Sunday brunch. . . but must warn you to make a reservation in advance. . . Hi, Paul.

The one and only "Hazel" McGINNIS CAN BE SEEN NIGHTLY, Wednesdays thru Sundays, at the New Hob Nob.

Don't forget Circus Circus on Sunday, July 15, at California Hall. Charlotte Coleman is in charge of the bar, so you know you'll get good drinks.

Yes, Grey Ryder is still at the Yacht Club and doing an ex-

ceptional job. . . so drop by and say hi someday.

Thank you, Rennis, for the shoes!

Bo Peep and Lester are doing a great job at their "Sleepy Hollow" complex in Russian River.

Sutter's Mill's new bar complex is at the "entrance" to Maiden Lane — 30 Kearny Street. . . the C.S.L. Awards Banquet will be held at the Mill on August 12. . . Sutter's Mill will be opening soon!

Remember, on Saturday and Sunday you can get 50-cent Bloody Mary's from 6-10 AM at the White Swallow.

The Answer in Redwood City on Sundays from 4-9 has an "Everything Goes Music" disco dance — country/western, jazz, rock & roll, etc. So stop down and enjoy the fun — the Answer is a really HOT bar.

Luscious Lorelei, Mavis, and Robert Michael, producer of HELLO DOLLY starring Michelle, are in Hollywood for the weekend to attend Jon

Sims' Gay Marching Band at Hollywood High. . . remember those old days there, Lorelei?

The Polk Street Faire was a fun-filled two days. . . sold lots of hot dogs at the White Swallow by Stark, candidate for C.S.L. Sweetheart.

Yes, Big Bird is still at the Carnival Club and keeping everyone in stitches.

Suzie's birthday party at the Gangway was a great success. What is your real age, Suzie?

Tommy White of the "P.S., you shouldn't get so upset just because the hamburger meat did not arrive. . . you still are a nice person. . . and a good waiter.

Al Kruger, the mirror in the men's room on the wall will not be lowered.

Have you been to dinner lately at Le Domino? The food and service are superb. The atmosphere makes one very relaxed for dining.

Hope everyone had a great 4th — especially all the wonderful people in Portland.

Wander Lust

Some Enchanted Evening

by A. Marc Leventhal



I have been to many cities, and toured many countries around the world, but French Polynesia is by far the most beautiful. Tahiti and the other islands that make up French Polynesia live up to its fantasy image. I am writing this right now sitting on the verandah of a thatch-covered bungalow, palm trees swaying overhead, the waves splashing over the coral reef, and the gentle breezes blowing across the crystal clear lagoon. It is early in the morning and the hammocks sway empty between the coconut palms. It is too early for a banana daiquiri.

You might be surprised to learn how close Tahiti is. The islands actually are east of Hawaii and less than an eight-hour flight out of Los Angeles. French Polynesia covers an ocean area about the size of Europe and includes the Society Islands which in turn includes Tahiti. All the islands are of volcanic or coral origin and most are ringed by coral reefs enclosing a turquoise-blue lagoon. The most famous "discoverers" and explorers of these islands include Bougainville (1768), Captain Cook (1769) and Capt. Bligh (1788). Tahiti became a French colony in 1880, and the French language and customs dominate the islands today. I had little trouble with English, but my limited French vocabulary did make it easier.

Over 50% of the population live on the biggest island, Tahiti, and its main port city of Papeete. The outer islands make Polynesia what it is and the following are listed by mileage and flying time from Papeete:

Moorea — 11 miles — 7 minutes.

Huahine — 110 miles — 40 minutes.

Riatea — 137 miles — 45 minutes.

Bora Bora — 165 miles — 50 minutes.

Rangiroa — 218 miles — 60 minutes.

There are more islands, but these are the ones most visit.

My UTA flight left Los Angeles at 11:30pm, and we arrived the next morning before sunrise. Although there was

fore sunrise. Although there was a movie on board, most of us slept until breakfast was served on the plane. Most first-timers to Tahiti find traveling on a packaged tour the best way to come, particularly at that early morning arrival, to be greeted by the lovely Tahitians and be taken directly to your hotel. There are three deluxe hotels on Tahiti, and by far the most beautiful is the Tahara'a. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most spectacular hotels I have ever stayed in. The hotel is built into the cliff overlooking Matavai Bay; you enter at the top of the cliff and take the elevator down from the lobby to your floor. All rooms are very large, with 2 large beds. The lanai is partially shielded for privacy by a bougainvillea-covered trellis, and the view stretches across the bay to the island of Moorea. Breakfast is a delight here with a buffet spread of fresh fruit (the pineapple here is sweeter and more tasty than Hawaii), croissants, and omelettes cooked to order.

The black sand beach at the foot of the cliff is reached by taking the elevator down from the lobby to the 10th floor. Then a walk down to the beach. The Tahara'a is located

6 miles east of Papeete and 9 miles east of the airport. Taxi or local island transportation (le truck) will take you to town.

The two other popular deluxe hotels are the Maeva Beach and The Beachcomber. The Maeva Beach is often utilized on tour packages since it is a type of hotel that Americans

are comfortable in. It is a modern, handsome 230-room hotel, 5 miles west from Papeete, 1.6 miles west from the airport. There is a white sand beach here as well as a large swimming pool. The Beachcomber, closer in to the airport and Papeete, does have attractive over-the-water bungalows Tahitian style, as well as a low-rise air conditioned hotel accommodation. I stayed here prior to my early morning Sunday morning return flight, and I was more impressed with The Beachcomber than on my original inspection. The accommodations are comfortable, and like hotels in New Zealand, the rooms have coffee-making machines

and even a "frige." In addition to the main dining room, the poolside coffee shop (open air) has surprisingly good gourmet food. While I was enjoying my grilled mahi-mahi, a maid was turning down my bed, placing fragrant blossoms of Tiara Tahiti on my pillows. . .

To be continued. . .

A. Marc Leventhal

Gayle Marie at Women's Center

July 13 Victoria and Gayle Marie, a refreshing duo of song and piano, will present a concert at the Women's Building, 3543 18th St., at 8PM.

Gayle Marie has been performing at Gordon's Restaurant, 118 Jones, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

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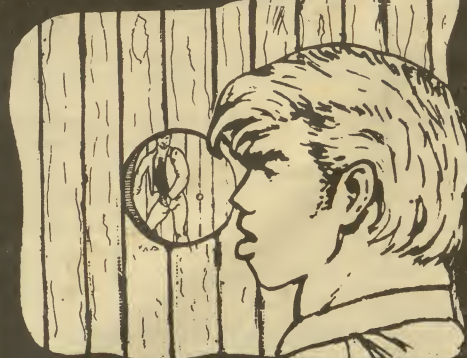
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Porn Corner —

Almosts — But Not Quite

Karr

I wish I had better things to say about GETTIN' DOWN, now almost but not quite finishing its tepid run at the Nob Hill. I had great expectations for it, since it is the product of the same writer, director and cinematographer who brought us THE IDOL. It even stars two of the cast of that delightful and unique film. Unfortunately, it can't be compared favorably to THE IDOL, or to any movie, for that matter. It's almost but not quite boring.

The Plot concerns a naive country boy out for a hot weekend in the big city. He routinely expects love and gentle treatment, but is treated poorly by a series of tricks who mistake him for a hustler, want only quickie sex, or steal his wallet. Meanwhile, another boy's lover has abandoned him, and he consoles himself with hustlers and quickie sex while hungering after true love. Naturally these two boys get together, and on the basis of twenty minutes of sex and a half-a-dozen words decide they are fated to be mated.

This plot has the openings for sex, but the actors are uniformly dull. They do have

some wonderful cocks, though, and the close-up sex scenes are beautifully filmed. Despite the fact that everyone looks a bit numb, the cinematography is sporadically good enough to awaken our long since dormant interest. All the wet things glisten and all the dry things radiate Southern California warmth and suntan. But even with beautiful filming and lush cocks, the sex is ineffective. The actors never seem excited. Their orgasms are long overdue and arrive only through masturbation while the soundtrack ineffectually slurps and puffs about. An interior decorator hands the country boy \$200, mistaking him for a hustler. Even though the kid has a \$200 cock, we did not see any \$200 sex. Maybe the \$1.49 variety on Santa Monica Boulevard.

AMERICAN CREAM is back as the co-feature, and welcome it is. It is as entertaining now as it was years ago when originally released. The first segment is a classic unto itself. Thoroughly irreverent, it simultaneously rapes the armed forces, big business, government, and the boss' male secretary. The most unusual aspect of this movie is that it succeeds in being wildly funny without undermining its sexuality. The stars are responsible for this, I'm sure. Both of them are very sexy, especially the All-American red-headed secretary, who will go to any lengths to please his boss. So some enjoyment can be had from this double bill, if one disregards GETTIN' DOWN.

THE CENTURY THEATRE

In the category of "Grand Openings of New Porno Theatres," this week's "Almost But Not Quite" Award goes to the Century Theatre. Despite a press preview, the remodeling is unfinished, and the opening has been postponed to July 11!

The grandness of that occasion will be severely undercut by the mediocrity of the feature presentation, GREASE MONKEYS. Although the incredible Nick Rodgers is featured in three scenes, the banality of the film and professional ineptitude of the camera work and editing spoil even his considerable talents. Rodgers is absolute dynamite, and deserves to be filmed by Wakefield Poole, Tom de Simone, or the Gage Brothers: anybody, please, who can do this intense, charming and sexual man justice.

Apart from the tantalizing Mr. Rodgers, the cast consists of yet another homely-but-hung member of the inexhaustible Noll family — this one named Kip. Like his brothers, he can't say much, but when he starts fucking that doesn't much matter. His companion is

Lee Marlin, a stocky and attractive young man who wasn't let in on the scenario. During several three-ways he ends up off to one side, absent-mindedly jacking off, leaving Mr. Noll full responsibility for whipping up some action. They are joined, fortunately, by Derek Stanton, late of THE IDOL's shower room, for a successful beach encounter.

The plot, more cumbersome than necessary, puts these boys to work in a gas station that only seems to serve Gay customers. The soundtrack, blasted forth at a level that makes butt-slapping sound like Gotterdammerung, serves up the Pointer Sisters' "Happiness" in glorious Dolby sound, but also gives the wretched dialogue the volume of God addressign the Isrealites. Throw out the story, turn down the sound and limit the cast to Nick Rodgers. That's the movie I'm waiting for.

Good words can be spoken about the theater itself, and especially the screen which is full theater size. Porno this huge is impressive, and a twenty-foot close-up of Nick Rodgers' cock can cause heart stoppage. The theater's Dolby stereo has already been mentioned, and is most welcome, even if it does need to be restrained. Several "lounges" and "recreation" rooms are available, all carpeted and freshly painted. It's a handsome theater, definitely L.A. modern, with sound and screen sure to please. Whether its films will do so remains to be seen.

WILL YOU BE "MR. BLUEBOY"?

Almost but not quite here yet is the 1979 Blueboy magazine "Man of the Year" Contest. Anyone over 18 years of age is invited to enter the San Francisco regional contest. This will be held at the I-Beam on Monday, July 9, at 10:00 in the evening. Entry blanks can be found at the B.A.R. office and at the I-Beam.

Contestants will be judged in three different costumes: jeans, business suit, and bathing suit. The winner will take part in the International Finals to be held at Madison Square Garden this September. The winner receives the title and \$10,000 (!), plus numerous other gifts of jewelry, clothing, vacations in San Juan and Key West, plus a round trip ticket to Greece. Nothing like pouring on the prizes, Blueboy!

P.S.

Those of you whose taste for porno exceeds the fare at the usual theaters should trot right over to the East of Castro Club. Although the decor is a bit unusual, due to remodeling, the E.O.C.C. is continuously showing the hottest movies in town — 6PM to 3AM Sunday through Thursday, 6PM to 4AM Friday & Saturday. A large quantity of new films from all the top studios has just been added to their already large and well-chosen collection, making this extremely social club an archive for "film" lovers.



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STEVE, 921-5595 E13

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MODELS/ESCORTS

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BLACK MASSEUR — S.F.
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Some body hair. 10" ct thk.
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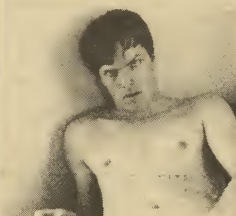
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Patrick, taxi driver who writes children's books, met on recent evening in SF. Neglected to obtain last name and phone. Wish to contact in order to continue friendship. Will Patrick please respond to Box 103 this newspaper and I will call. B15



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